50 CENTS
PDC

AUGUST 15, 1975

0C8008

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

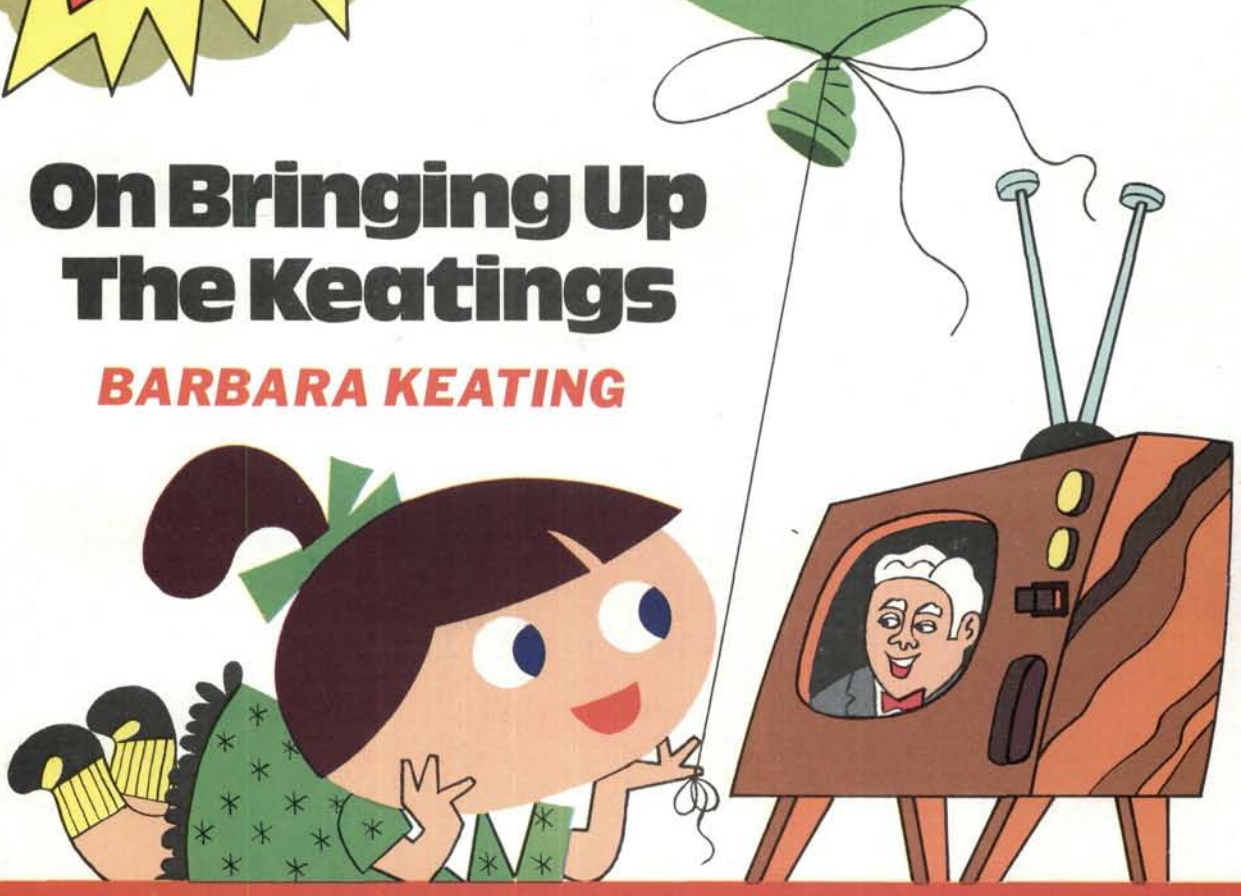
WHY NOT A COMMENTARY ON SEVAREID?

LEWIS S. FEUER

FLASH!

On Bringing Up The Keatings

BARBARA KEATING



Also In This Issue:

Ralph de Toleda... ureaucrats ♦
Edwin M. Yode... gland ♦ Plus
Rickenbacker, ... k, Berenson

M SMTHOOOR- 034 7516 - 1 38 -

ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Did you hear what the tracks said to the trains outside Hamburg?

Between Hamburg and Bremen in Germany, there's a stretch of track like nowhere else in the world. These tracks *talk* to the trains.

And the trains talk back.

Their dialogue may not exactly be Noel Coward—but it's the heart of an ingenious new control system we developed for the German railways. It's being tested right now.

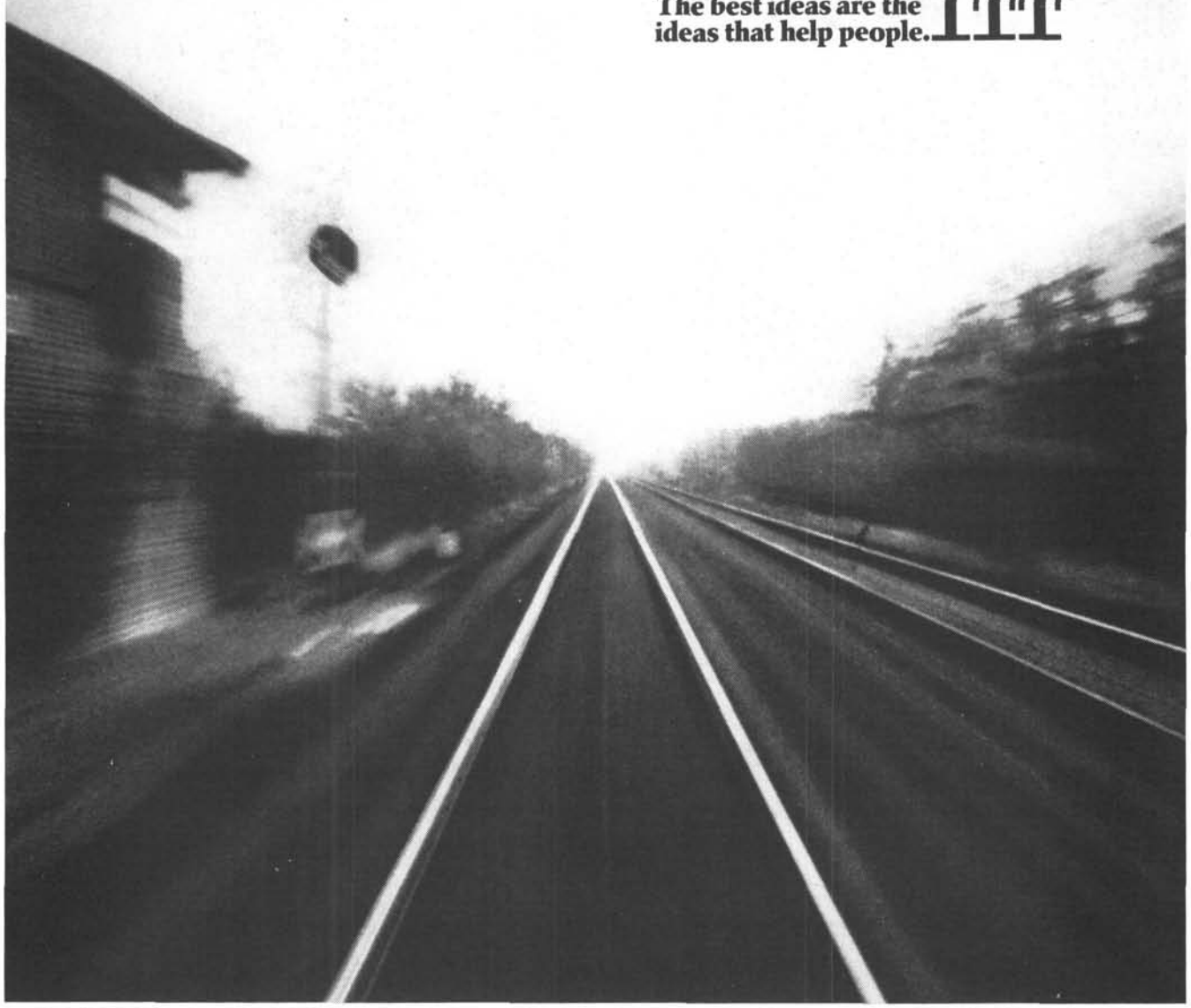
This computer-based system can monitor a train as it speeds along the test track, continuously reporting where it is. And how fast it's going.

If there's another train up ahead—going in the same direction, on the same track—the track tells the train behind to slow down. Or even tells it to stop. Automatically.

This means trains could be run more frequently on the same line, without getting in each other's way. Even the new high-speed trains that can log 120 miles an hour, or more.

Even these speeds can be handled easily by this computerized system—though the tracks have to do some pretty fast talking.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT



International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do you have room in your home for three wise men? They are Plato, Aristotle, and Marcus Aurelius...three of the wisest, wittiest, most stimulating minds that ever lived.

They still live...in the Five Great Dialogues of Plato, the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, and Aristotle's On Man in the Universe.

All three books (regularly $13.17) can be yours for only $1.00 as your introduction to the Classics Club.

The Classics Club is quite unlike any other book club.

The Club doesn't offer best sellers that come and go. Instead, it offers its members a chance to stay young through great books that will never grow old. These books include Utopia by Thomas More; the works of Shakespeare; Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography; Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat; Walden by Thoreau; and other fresh, spontaneous, even outspoken works that stretch your mind and sweep away the mental cobwebs that hold back most men.

You never have to buy any of these books. (To force you to buy a classic would be barbaric.) As a member, take only those books you really want to own. And, at any time, you may cancel your membership, without penalty or hurt feelings.

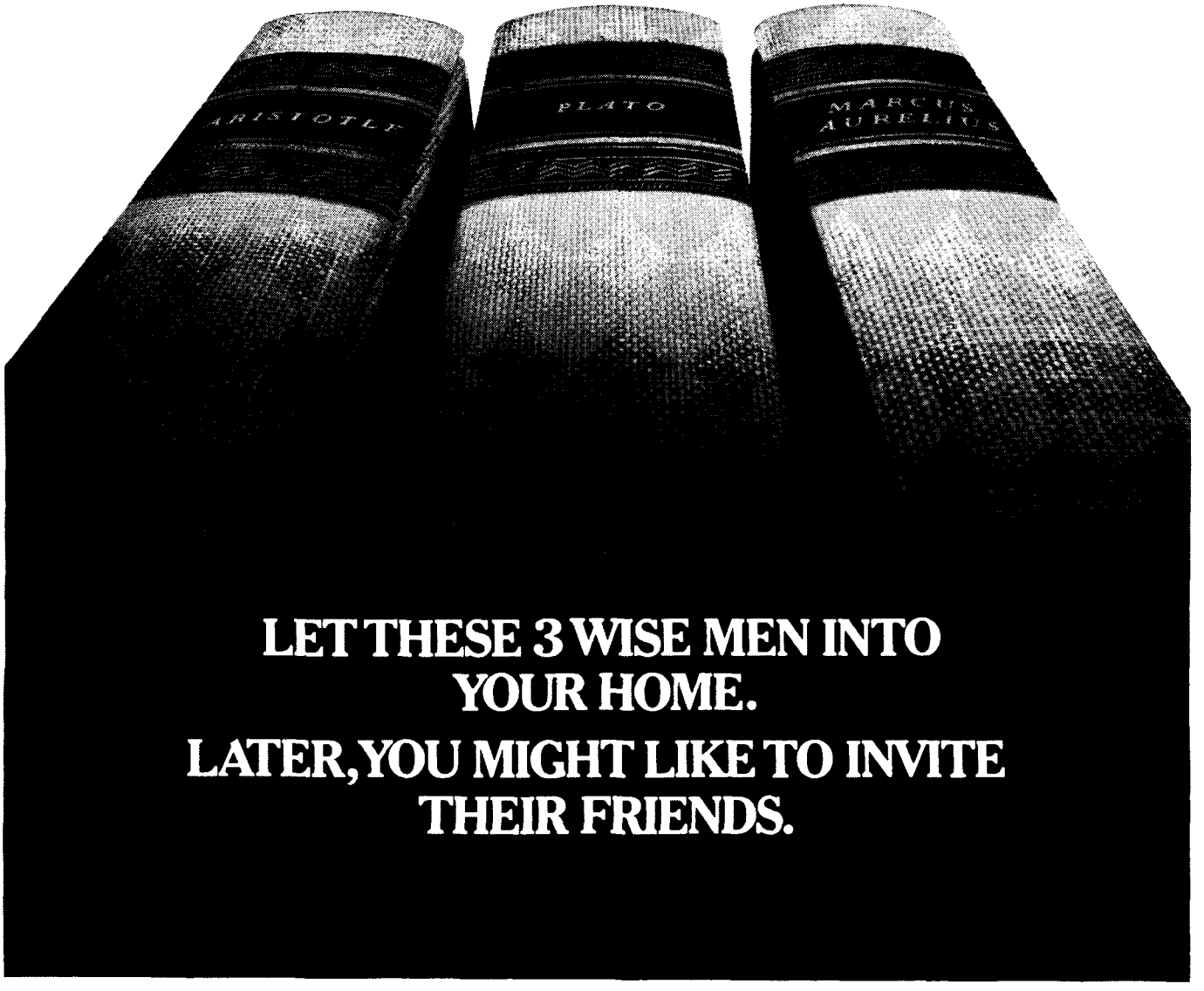
The selections themselves are remarkable values. They're carefully printed on expensive paper stock. They're hard-bound in matched wheat-colored buckram, worked and stamped in crimson, black, and 23-karat gold. And through direct-to-the-public distribution, we are able to offer our members these deluxe editions for only $4.39 each, plus shipping.

Interested? We'll send you the first three selections, Plato, Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius—all three for only $1.00 plus shipping.

We know what charmers these three wise men are. We're betting that you'll be so taken by them that you'll want to stay in the Club and meet some of their friends, including the greatest story tellers, philosophers, poets, and historians the world has ever known.

Don't send any money now. We'll bill you later. Just fill in the coupon below, now, while you're thinking about it and while the invitation still stands.

Mail coupon to The Classics Club, Roslyn, New York 11576.



LET THESE 3 WISE MEN INTO YOUR HOME.

LATER, YOU MIGHT LIKE TO INVITE THEIR FRIENDS.

THE CLASSICS CLUB
ROSLYN, N.Y. 11576

Please enroll me as a member and send me at once Plato, Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius. I enclose *no money now*. After a week's examination, I will either keep my books and pay $1 (plus postage and handling) or return them. As a new member, I will get a complete list of titles from which to select the books I want. For each volume I choose I pay only $4.39 (plus postage and handling). I may return any book, at the Club's expense, for full credit and I may cancel my membership at any time.

THE CLASSICS CLUB, ROSLYN, N.Y. 11576

NAME _____
(PLEASE PRINT) PAM-9C

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP 5-AG

Note: Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Ontario; offer slightly different in Canada.

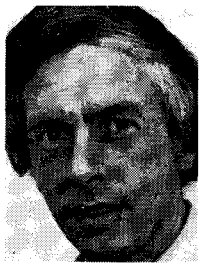
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOL. XXVII, NO. 31

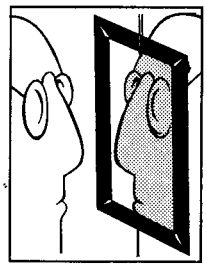
AUGUST 15, 1975

NR NATIONAL REVIEW

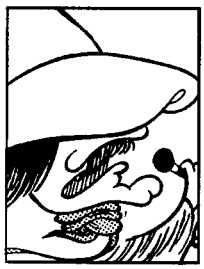
FEUER
Page 874



YODER
Page 879



BERENSON
Page 888



BRUDNOY
Page 890

KEATING
Page 882

VIKSNINS
Page 884

ARTICLES

874 **Why Not a Commentary on Sevareid?**
We've long enjoyed freedom of the press. Now how about some freedom *from* the press? The institutional power of the mass media is such as to require an effective counter-agent. A look at what is inherently wrong with the present system, and what can be done—without bringing the state into the act.
Lewis S. Feuer

877 **The Excesses of the Professional Environmentalists**
In acting as if its mission were "not to protect Americans from dirty air, but to protect clean air from Americans," the powerful EPA has become an agency of . . . well, repression.
Ralph de Toledano

879 **An Upbeat Appraisal**
England may be sick, but a recent visit discovers a sturdy constitution.
Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

882 **On Bringing Up the Keatings**
It isn't easy, being a conservative mother, and raising five children by yourself in liberal New York. Sometimes you are driven to do crazy things . . .
Barbara Keating

884 **Lover, Horseman, Economist**
. . . and prophet of the (doomed?) entrepreneur—such was Joseph A. Schumpeter, who warned that capitalism's last product would be its own mortal enemies. It looks as if he was on to something.
George J. Viksnins

ARTS & MANNERS

888 **The Summer Scene**
New York hasn't much to offer this season in the way of contemporary art, but there are some exhibitions worth coming to see.
Ruth Berenson

889 **Doing It by Hand**
The Chalone Vineyard in California makes wine with old-fashioned methods, and the results are delightful.
Nika Hazelton

890 **Their Town**
Innovative, perceptive, panoramic, Robert Altman's *Nashville* is an exuberant masterpiece.
David Brudnoy

BOOKS

892 E. L. Doctorow's *Ragtime* is as good as you've heard—and yet a little worse than you've heard.
Jeffrey Hart

893 Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday* —a literary miracle—is back in print, but with an introduction by Garry Wills.
D. Keith Mano

894 At last, in English: the life of Max Weber —"the last great Protestant intellectual"?— as told by Frau Weber.
Stephen J. Tonsor

895 And another, almost-great life: that of Oswald Mosley, Britain's imposing might-have-been.
Rene Kuhn Bryant

896 Mark J. Green takes on *The Other Government: The Unseen Power of Washington Lawyers.*
Franz M. Oppenheimer

858 **Letters**
861 **For the Record**
862 **The Week**
872 **George F. Will**
873 **James Burnham**
886 **William F. Rickenbacker**
887 **Russell Kirk**
895 **Random Notes**
900 **On the Right**
902 **Trans-O-Gram**

Cover illustration by James W. O'Bryan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First time in book form: H.L. Mencken blisters the press

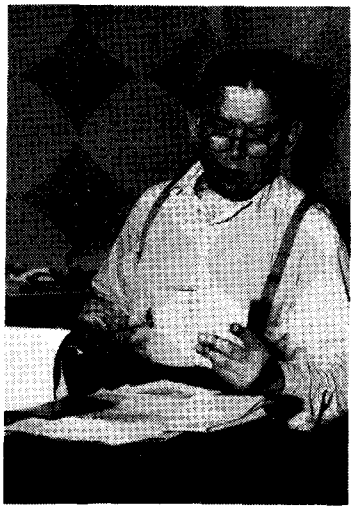
A Gang of Pecksniffs

AND OTHER COMMENTS ON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS, EDITORS AND REPORTERS

BY H.L. MENCKEN

Selected, Edited and Introduced with a Profile of Mencken as Newsman by Theo Lippmann, Jr.

A few years before he died, H. L. Mencken wrote to a friend that "as I look back over a misspent life, I find myself more and more convinced that I had more fun doing news reporting than in any other enterprise. It is really the life of kings."



With Mencken, newspapering was a lifelong love affair. He was a giant on the Baltimore *Sun* for more than 40 years, and he had edited another Baltimore paper before joining the *Sun*. Over the years he held down almost every editorial and reporting job in the business. He was a confidant of publishers. When he died in 1956, the *Sun*'s obituary identified him as "newspaper man, critic, wit and Baltimore's best-known writer."

Now Theo Lippman brings together just about everything Mencken ever wrote on the Fourth Estate. Only one piece has appeared in a book before.

The pages bristle. Mencken spared no one, least of all his colleagues—as Franklin Roosevelt was shrewd enough to understand. FDR, as part of his running skirmish with the press, roasted them mercilessly at the 1934 Gridiron Club dinner. Only toward the end of his speech did he reveal that he was quoting from Mencken—at that time FDR's severest critic.

Mr. Lippman contributes a lively profile of Mencken as newsman, with emphasis on the Tennessee Monkey Trial and his irreverent forays into presidential politics.

Following in his hero's footsteps, Mr. Lippman is now an editorial writer with the Baltimore *Sun*. He is the author of *Spiro Agnew's America* and co-author of *Muskie*.

A TOUCH OF BITTERS: MENCKEN ON NEWSPAPERS

- The press and the New Deal
- The New York *Times*
- Newspaper morals
- The art of leading the vulgar
- The first requirement of a good headline
- Government propaganda
- Hearst and his critics
- Tabloids
- Codes of ethics in journalism
- Scripps-Howard and the other chains
- Editorial pages
- Joseph Pulitzer
- Phony news
- Press clubs
- Mencken's own Baltimore *Evening Sun*
- Schools of journalism
- Dana and the New York *Sun*
- The journalist as professional
- The Newspaper Guild
- The newsman: his central job
- Objectivity
- The critics of journalism

Mencken on American newspapers

"The *average* American newspaper, *especially* of the so-called better sort, has the intelligence of a Baptist evangelist, the courage of a rat, the fairness of a Prohibitionist boob-bumper, the information of a high-school janitor, the taste of a designer of celluloid valentines, and the honor of a police-station lawyer. Ask me to name so many as five papers that are clearly above this average . . . and when I have made it up and the names are read by the bailiff, a wave of snickers will pass over the assembly after nearly every one. These snickers will come from newspaper men who know a shade more about the matter than I do."

SAVE $8.95

Conservative Book Club
165 Huguenot Street, New Rochelle, New York 10801

Please send FREE **A Gang of Pecksniffs** by H. L. Mencken and accept my membership in the Conservative Book Club—*the only book club expressly for political conservatives.* I agree to buy 3 books from among the more than 150 to be offered in the next 15 months, after which I may resign at any time. Membership entitles me to a free subscription to the Club Bulletin, which brims with news of interest to conservatives. I am eligible to buy Club books (on politics, investing, religion, social issues, economics, Communism, history, conservative ideas, etc.) at discounts of 20% to 92% plus shipping. If I want the Selection I do nothing; it will come automatically about one month later. If I don't want the Selection, or I prefer one of the Alternates, I merely inform you on the handy form always provided. I'll be offered a new Selection every 24 days—15 times a year. **NR-566**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ I don't care to join the Club but I enclose $8.95. Please send **A Gang of Pecksniffs** postpaid. 30-day return privilege.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*

William A. Rusher *Publisher*

James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
James Burnham/Jeffrey Hart

Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*
Daniel Oliver *Executive Editor*
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*

Contributing Editors
W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton/Will Herberg
James Jackson Kilpatrick
D. Keith Mano/Malachi B. Martin
Gerhart Niemeyer/Alan Reynolds
William F. Rickenbacker
Francis Russell/M. J. Sobran Jr.
George F. Will

Associates
Carol B. Learsy
Kevin Lynch/Vicki Marani
Jane Buckley Smith
Timothy J. Wheeler

Robin Wu *Research Director*
Agatha S. Dowd *Research Consultant*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Barbara A. Devlin *Production Editor*
John K. Syze *Circulation Manager*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / C. D. Batchelor
Ruth Berenson / Colm Brogan
David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
Jack Chatfield / Miles Copeland
John R. Coyne Jr. / Guy Davenport
Anthony R. Dolan / Neal Freeman
Victor Gold/John Greenway
Henry Hazlitt/Elspeth Huxley
John Kiley / Suzanne La Follette
Jared C. Lobdell
Vincent Miller / Ferdinand Mount
Stefan T. Possony / Morrie Ryskind
William S. Schlamm / Ralph de Toledano
Charles Wallen Jr.
Auberon Waugh / Chilton Williamson Jr.
Peter P. Witonski / Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*

*

Letters

Prophylacting Congress

In "Is the U.S. Running out of Gas?" [Aug. 1], David P. Stang does a good, workmanlike job of making Congress look like the productive end of a donkey. The asininity of that body has to be seen not to be believed. Its disjunctive, convoluted, haphazard, inconsistently ad hoc approaches to the only semi-crisis this country's got—brilliantly detailed in Mr. Stang's step-by-step telling of the story—suggest that the term of office for congressmen should be reduced to two weeks: long enough to learn everything most of them learn anyway and short enough to prophylact legislative mischief.

New York, N.Y. SANDRA JOY

From under the Rubble

Walter Connor begins his review of *From under the Rubble* [July 18] with the statement "This is an important book . . ." In this he is certainly right. In many ways it is the most important book of the past decade. But how minuscule, how trivial, how inadequate is Connor's review! Nowhere in the review are Igor Shafarevich's three articles described, and yet in these few pages we have an analysis of socialism past, present, and future, from a fresh view, unencumbered by the years of stale rhetoric of standard "conservative," liberal, and libertarian thought. Solzhenitsyn's four articles portray, as usual, the most incisive mind of our age. Agursky and Borisov provide first-rate insights into problems which our national liberal mentality chooses to ignore.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and Igor Shafarevich are moral and political giants. We might expect such important contributions from them. Yet in this book the most surprising of all the articles are those by "A. B.," F. Korsakov, and Evgeny Barabanov. Now, these articles are written from deep within the mind and consciousness of Russian Orthodoxy. They are pietistic literature of Orthodoxy, and as such should offer no attraction to the writer of this letter, a Jew of Russian origin with a lively memory of church-sponsored pogroms. Yet the faith and the passion and the essential truth in these articles is such that it overwhelms even me, leaving me weak and shaken.

Fishkill, N.Y. JOSEPH DAVIS

Correction

To correct a misunderstanding with respect to statements attributed to me by D. Keith Mano [July 18], let me state that I did not say, nor did I imply, that "we [New York County Republican Volunteers] hire out as mercenaries." Republican Volunteers is an organization of concerned citizens who volunteer their time, evenings and weekends, to do grassroots political work. We are never paid.

Republican Volunteers received no money from CREEP in 1972. At the request of the New York Republican State Committee, our group used the Madison Avenue and 53rd Street store-front as a base for our Manhattan canvass during that campaign.

New York, N.Y. LLOYD RIFF TARGER

Addendum

Aram Bakshian's review of *A City in Terror: 1919—The Boston Police Strike*, by Francis Russell [July 18], was particularly interesting to me because of his mention of the Red who tried to blow up the Attorney General and blew himself up instead.

We were living in Washington at the time, not far from the scene of the explosion. I was seven, and well remember the enthusiastic discussion at home about the "anarchist's" dreadful but fitting end.

There was one detail that I never forgot. The miscreant's liver was found up a tree. This would account for a third part of him.

Leonardtown, Md. MARGARET S. COLVIN

Quibble

Writes Timothy R. Sanford in "There Goes the Birthrate!" [July 18]: "Later the Arabs, who were short of cash, found that they could sell slaves very profitably to the Spaniards (when they were not fighting them at Lepanto)."

Mr. Sanford should be advised that it was the Turks, not the Arabs, who fought the Spaniards at the Battle of Lepanto. Both are Moslems, just as the French and

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1975.

Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015; Articles: Daniel Oliver; Arts & Manners: M. J. Sobran Jr., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

RATES: *$27.00 a year ($15.00 for the 48-page issues, and $12.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $3.00 for other foreign subscriptions.*

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE

university

The University Bookman is a quarterly edited by Russell Kirk. Each issue is devoted to the restoration and improvement of the standards of higher education in America. Most of the articles for this quarterly concentrate on two topics: the reviewing of university and college textbooks; and the sensible criticism of educational theory and practice today. Every **National Review** subscriber, living in the U.S.A., gets **The University Bookman** free. Others may subscribe at $2.00 a year. Subscriptions and editorial correspondence should be sent to:

bookman

The University Bookman, P. O. Box 3070, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

***Here's a new idea for your next meeting:**

Make it an occasion to be remembered with a really good speaker

from *Catherine Babcock, Inc.* A good speaker can make the difference between a successful meeting or a dull affair. Locating the right speaker is no problem when you deal with Catherine Babcock. Choose from this line-up of outstanding conservatives:

***William A. Rusher**
***Russell Kirk**
***M. Stanton Evans**
***Jeffrey Hart**
***Ernest Van Den Haag**
***D. Keith Mano**
***Peter P. Witonski**
***David Brudnoy**
***J. Daniel Mahoney**
***Cornelius J. Troost**
***"Johannes Eff"**
***F. Clifton White**
***Robert K. Dornan**

All you have to do is tell us the name of your organization and when your meeting is scheduled. We'll handle everything. Write today to:

Catherine Babcock, Inc.
544 Southside Rd.
Virginia Beach, Va. 23451

Germans are both Christians, but, otherwise, no more closely related.

I trust that Mr. Sanford is better informed as to the rest of his facts in this most interesting article.

Oakland, Calif. ROBERT BLAKE

Natural Rights?

Ernest van den Haag's review of Robert Nozick's important *Anarchy, State, and Utopia* [July 4] was for the most part fair and balanced. Nevertheless, van den Haag's antipathy to the natural rights tradition leads him to a critique of that tradition at once curious, confused, and, at times, altogether inscrutable. He contends, for example, that "Rights are granted by governments . . . Legislation—and only legislation (constitutional or congressional)—transforms individual claims (whether or not derived from God or nature) into rights . . ." This is highly misleading, if not altogether false. One need only look to the common law tradition—neither constitutional nor congressional—implicit in which is the judicial recognition of *already existing* customary, traditional, and natural *moral* rights.

As his point of departure for criticizing Nozick, however, van den Haag has taken not an ordinary but an anomalous relationship—that between dependent children of unsupporting parents and unrelated third parties. I cannot be sure how Nozick would respond to this example; but I suspect that he might, with Hume, distinguish his philosophical from his practical life and say, "Yes, if enough voluntary assistance is not forthcoming, then let us have involuntary assistance. But let us recognize that we *are* violating rights in so doing, that if the frustrated entitlements of these children are to be met, other unrelated entitlements must be violated." This reply has the advantage of recognizing the anomaly of the situation, thereby preventing this relationship from coloring our characterization of the ordinary (and paradigmatic) legal and moral relationships between more or less independent individuals. Without a theoretically clear paradigm we will find no principled way off the slippery slope on which van den Haag (and modern liberal theory) has placed us. His arbitrary percentile limits on the taxing powers of the state are (as history too clearly demonstrates) no principled—and therefore no morally efficacious—impediments to Leviathan.

Chicago, Ill. ROGER PILON

If rights do not inhere in the individual, then there is no logical place to draw the line that van den Haag protests must be drawn. If government is the source of rights, then rights are granted at the pleasure of, and for the convenience of, the government. Then the starving orphans can have no moral claim to life.

I am sure that most people are revolted by slavery and butchery of "savages." I suspect that Mr. van den Haag also is revolted by butchery and slavery, and that he would be revolted by it even if it were legal. If he would be, then there is proof that he does not believe his own arguments.

My purpose in writing is to suggest that NATIONAL REVIEW is not the proper vehicle for this review to reach the public. Consider the inconsistency between van den Haag's thesis and two of *NR*'s trademarks: opposition to Communism and opposition to abortion.

Van den Haag appeals to constitutions for a statement of what rights are. He thus takes the same position as the government of the Soviet Union. The Soviet constitution explicitly states that all the rights enjoyed by the people of the USSR are granted to them by the state. If the state may choose which rights to grant to whom, the state may therefore permit abortions: it fails to grant the right to life to that particular fetus. Such action is not only within its power, but morally unquestionable, if the government grants rights.

Little Ferry, N.J. J. STUART WOOD

Mr. Pilon notes that custom and precedent are sources of rights, as is legislation. Correct. But he also tries to sneak in "natural moral rights," i.e., nature as a source of rights. Now I understand that custom in Melanesia grants the right to hunt heads. But not in New York. Which side is nature on? Is there a "natural moral right" to hunt heads, or not? Nature merely poses the problems which we decide by making some actions rightful and others not.

Mr. Pilon also notes that by taxing people to redistribute, we interfere with their property rights in favor of others'. I thought that was my point: Nozick's entitlement theory of justice does not do justice to justice by rejecting that interference as unjust rather than admitting that "justice" involves a pattern of distribution as well as entitlement.

Mr. Wood thinks that NR *should not publish my views because they are wrong. One thing I like about* NR *is that it is more catholic than Mr. Wood and, therefore, able to publish his views as well as wrong ones.*

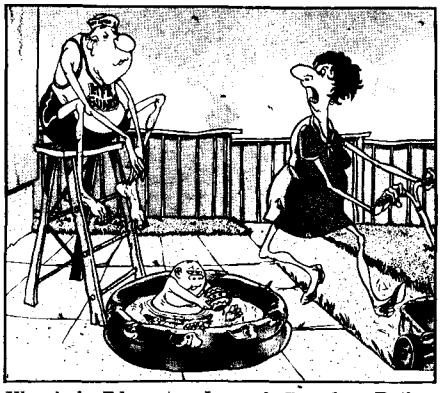
Mr. Wood argues that rights are capricious, arbitrary, and changeable unless they flow from nature. If so, this would only prove that it would be better if rights did come from nature, not that they do. But history does not support Mr. Wood. The most inconsistent rights have been attributed to nature—e.g., slavery and the abolition thereof, polygamy or infanticide and the abolition thereof, etc. It is quite possible to hold that abortion and slavery both are wrong (or right) without believing that nature has decided for or against either. Essentia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem. *We can do without invoking nature when we decide what rights to grant.* —EVDH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ **Gerald Ford** campaign manager **Howard "Bo" Callaway** really started something when he said **Nelson Rockefeller** was Ford's "Number One" problem in getting the nomination. . . . Enraged by this the 14 **liberal GOP senators** demanded and got an appointment with the President as soon as he returns from Helsinki. They want him to tell Bo to cool it on Nelse. . . . **Hugh Scott** has privately been very critical of Callaway handling of the Rockefeller hot potato. . . . **Melvin Laird** thinks Callaway will drop the anti-Rockefeller drive ("Bo got carried away a little bit"). . . . **Clarke Reed**, the Mississippi GOP state chairman, and a big wheel in the Southern party, thinks Callaway is trying to pull a fast one on Southern conservatives. "The President has said [of Rockefeller] 'this is my philosophical brother,'" Reed told *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder**, "and I don't see any way of separating them. I'll bet even money, if it's Ford, it will be Rockefeller. All the rest is hokum." . . . Even **Ronald Reagan** has dumped on Callaway. He told reporters in North Carolina that Rockefeller had been subjected to "shoddy treatment" by Ford's campaign manager. Reagan went on to say that a) he wasn't interested in the Number Two spot himself, b) if he runs it will be within the Republican Party, and c) if Ford gets the nomination he, Reagan, cannot "foresee something that would drive me away [from supporting him]."

■ On the Democratic side, Georgia legislator **Julian Bond** now says he won't run for President and he thinks none of the bunch presently in the race —**Jackson**, **Bentsen**, **Carter**, **Wallace**, **Harris**, or **Udall**—will get the nomination either. Ford, says Bond, "gets tougher and tougher every day. If the economy gets better . . . he's going to be nearly unbeatable in '76." . . . Wallace was the only Democrat anywhere,



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*, Canada Rotheo

"You'll do anything to get out of mowing the lawn!"

incidentally, to say that the Senate should let the people of New Hampshire decide who their senator should be in the seven-month-old dispute. (Last week, the Democratic contender, **John Durkin**, finally threw in the towel. When it became clear that the Senate Democrats could not force his election, he urged the Senate to declare the seat vacant and clear the way for a runoff election with **Louis Wyman**, which the Senate promptly did.)

■ About detente: West German Chancellor **Helmut Schmidt** has told military **troika** in Portugal that the EEC has no intention of "financing a military dictatorship in Portugal." He pointed out that Common Market credits to Greece were suspended in 1967 after the **Colonels'** coup. . . . The **Italian Communist Party**, fearful of being tarred by the same brush, has criticized the Portuguese CP in *Unità*, and has urged the Armed Forces Movement in Portugal to bring the political parties back in the government. . . . The Italian CP moved at a time when Communist gains in recent regional elections had forced the resignation of Christian Democratic leader **Amintore Fanfani** and moved the Christian Democrats left. . . . *Aviation Week & Space Technology* notes that even as one part of the Soviet press was praising the **Apollo-Soyuz** mission, another was publicly urging the **OPEC** nations to raise their oil prices to the West. It also points out that 24 Soviet reporters saw the U.S. launch; no U.S. reporters saw the Soviet launch.

■ On the literary front: Bantam Books and Quadrangle (*New York Times*-controlled) are reported to have paid over $100,000 for the book on **Henry Kissinger** by **Matti Golan** which Israeli censors earlier tried to kill. Publication in January. . . . The new anti-**Solzhenitsyn** book by Solzhenitsyn's first wife **Nataliya Reshetovskaya** (Bobbs-Merrill) was a Soviet operation carried out through the Novosti Press Agency, says **Susan Jacoby** in a devastating review in *Book World* (July 20). . . . **Dutton** is bringing out a novel about Chappaqquiddick, *The Inspector's Opinion*, on Nov. 6—election day—which, says **Harriet Van Horne**, "is bound to start the Chappaqquiddick debate all over again." . . . Look for a full-length movie feature on the Hollywood blacklist of the Forties and Fifties next winter. Among the commentators: **Dalton Trumbo**, **Otto Preminger**, **Howard DaSilva**, **Ring Lardner Jr.**, **Will Geer**. . . . On the plus side, **R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.**, editor of *The Alternative*, the liveliest political journal ever to have come out of Bloomington, Indiana, is the winner of the American Institute for Public Service award this year in the 35 years and under category. (Mr. Tyrrell presumably provided ideological ballast, the other winners being publisher **Katharine Graham** of the *Washington Post* and Chairman **Peter Rodino** of the Judiciary Committee.)

■ In case you didn't know it, now you do. Don't, under any circumstances, kill a **bat in a belfry** in Texas—it's illegal there.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ SNAFU '75: "San Francisco, July 19 (AP)—A man who stored a sample of his semen at a sperm bank and then had a vasectomy has filed a $5-millon lawsuit against the bank for accidentally destroying the semen." Bank officials blame "an apparent equipment failure." Where's the FDIC when you really need it?

■ *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, the authoritative spokesman for the aerospace community, summed up its estimate of the Apollo-Soyuz mission: "The progress of space technology always has been inextricably linked with terrestrial politics, but the Apollo-Soyuz mission carried the heaviest dose of superficial international politics ever into orbit and an application should be submitted to the Fédération Aeronautique Internationale for a world record in this category. As evidence of the validity of the U.S.-USSR policy of detente, it ranked slightly above the Paris Treaty with North Vietnam and the SALT arms agreements, both negotiated by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, but not much. . . . Any steps toward genuine scientific cooperation were inexplicably vetoed by the Soviets, reducing the orbital joint scientific program to a token exercise that will be more celebrated in speeches than in laboratories. . . . There are no indications that the excellent cooperation and camaraderie of the Soviet cosmonauts and U.S. astronauts in space will change any of the barbed interface between an open and closed society on Earth. We do not think there is much hope for the world from the cooperation and contributions it may expect from the Soviet scientific community operating within the rigid political control and security paranoia of the Soviet system. The Soviet system stands firmly opposed to the type of free scientific exchange that is the soul of genuine science. Soviet scientists expressed interest in a number of excellent Apollo-Soyuz joint experiments but were vetoed by political authorities. . . . The decision to fly Apollo-Soyuz . . . was as foolish and feckless as those other facets of the Nixon-Kissinger detente—the SALT talks, the trade deals, and that great treaty that brought peace to Vietnam."

■ "It cannot be pointed out often enough," says *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker (again), that "the current level of unemployment means that joblessness among black teenagers is at about 41 per cent." Maybe not, but we have had enough of pundits "pointing out" numbers without explaining them. First of all, black unemployment was 1.7 times white unemployment in recent months—not good, certainly, but better than the 2 to 1 ratio that prevailed a year ago. The number of persons who are employed has risen significantly since March, and the simultaneous rise in unemployment rates is due to a sharp increase in the number of people applying for jobs. Teenage unemployment is unique in that nearly all teens are dependents, they change jobs frequently by choice, and it is hardest for such newcomers to compete with experienced and mature help that is available at the minimum wage. Throughout 1974, teenage unemployment averaged 16 per cent, but the average time between jobs was only 7.2 weeks. The 16 per cent unemployed broke down as follows: 6.0 per cent had never held a job before, 4.9 per cent had not held a job recently, and 2.0 per cent had quit their last job. So the unemployment rate among teenagers which was due to their being fired or laid off was 3.1 per cent. And that cannot be pointed out often enough.

■ Almost two years ago Secretary of State Kissinger submitted to the Senate a document detailing future conferences between the U.S. and the USSR. Two negotiations scheduled to take place in the near future were mentioned, one wanted by the U.S., and the other by the USSR. President Ford is in Helsinki attending ceremonies marking the successful completion of the conference sought by the USSR. Before he left, he conceded to reporters that the conference sought by the U.S., which was to consist of negotiations between NATO and Warsaw Pact countries on mutual and balanced force reduction, has yet to get off the ground.

■ Caspar Weinberger has resigned as Secretary of HEW with a blast at government policies that ought to shake every Washington and local bureaucrat and politician. He criticized the Supreme Court for requiring due process in school discipline cases, attacked busing, blamed Congress for a "complex tangle of narrowly focused social programs" such as food stamps and the school milk program, denounced the Labor Department's affirmative

Two Steps Forward, One Step Back

As Solzhenitsyn said, we never learn
From other peoples' follies and mistakes.
The generations view with unconcern
Last season's martyrs twitching at the stakes.
The prophets call, but nobody awakes:
Demosthenes grows hoarse among the crowd.
Some watch the circus; others offer cakes,
While lightning flashes in a distant cloud.
The West is half embroidered in its shroud
As Brezhnev busily erects a tomb.
Don't count upon the wailing to be loud;
We'll vanish like the British at Khartoum.
So everybody blow a kiss at Ford.
Helsinki is the place where we get gored.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Sargent Shriver, brother - in - law of Edward Kennedy, is off and ambling on his drive to win the Democratic presidential nomination. Former head of the Peace Corps and the poverty program, former ambassador to France, McGovern's second running mate in 1972, Shriver is being told by family friends that they are "waiting for Teddy." It may be a long wait, in spite of Representative Thomas "Tip" O'Neill's attempts to shorten it. O'Neill, House Majority Whip, never wastes an opportunity to tell the world that Kennedy, who is telling the world that wild horses could not drag him into the race, will run for President next year. How does O'Neill know? Kennedy tells him so, or so O'Neill says. So on a recent *Face the Nation* broadcast Martin Nolan of the *Boston Globe*—a sometime (actually, one time) *NR* contributor—asked O'Neill whether "Kennedy is lying to you or to everyone else." Says Irishman O'Neill to Irishman Nolan, "About a week or ten days ago, as I was leaving him, I said, 'Ted, do you want me to say that you're not a candidate for the Presidency?' And he says, 'You know, keep me alive, Tip.' " So the next day Kennedy explained that they had had a . . . misunderstanding. Kennedy meant for O'Neill to "keep him alive" in his candidacy for re-election to the Senate in 1976.

■ Vice President Rockefeller, ever mindful of the need for Republican unity, told a Cincinnati news conference that the GOP cannot afford internal bickering about, oh, well, he didn't say exactly what, but he could have meant, say, the question of who should be Vice President. Meanwhile, back at Ford's election campaign committee, Chairman Bo (Callaway) was letting off steam, announcing that Rockefeller, 67, may be too old for the job and that, in any case, Rockefeller is Mr. Ford's "Number One problem" in getting the presidential nomination. Gallantry is not dead, so Ronald Reagan rode to the defense of Rockefeller, denouncing as "shoddy" the various Callaway statements.

■ Alan Greenspan, Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, says another price increase by the oil exporting nations will not abort economic recovery. To this some Washingtonians responded: a) Doesn't that depend on how high the rise? and b) What recovery? Inflation has started back up again, according to the Consumer Price Index; insiders are warning that wholesale price increases will be even worse in the near future; housing starts are still down; many analysts argue that the recent increase in auto sales (which has pushed the sales rate in recent months close to the industry's break-even rate of about 9.5 million sales a year) is just the result of people rushing to beat the substantial price increases on next year's cars, so next year's sales will suffer accordingly.

■ The Brookings Institution is a private research organization specializing in public policy questions. It normally is a lagoon of liberalism, but a recent Brookings study strongly endorses the idea that public spending is drying up the sources of private investment. The Brookings solution: the Federal Government should stop running deficits and should run surpluses averaging $11.5 billion until 1980. Meanwhile, Treasury Secretary William Simon and Office of Management and Budget Director James Lynn have been on Capitol Hill looking stern, telling Congress that the nation is facing a budget deficit of $88 billion this year, exactly double the deficit in the fiscal year that ended June 30. That means the deficit almost certainly will rocket upward through the pretty crayon line the President drew at $60 billion on that graph when he vetoed the tax bill. The crayon line was supposed to mark the limits of the tolerable.

■ John Scali finds that he can go home again. He was an ABC television reporter until he went to work for President Nixon in 1971 as a consultant on foreign affairs. In 1973 he replaced George Bush as ambassador to the United Nations. In that role he had his fair share of conflicts with Secretary of State Kissinger, who will not welcome Mr. Scali's return to the Washington press corps.

■ It was a humdinger of a party for the Party. Gobs of movie stars and politicians materialized in Los Angeles for a 21-hour Democratic Party telethon. Staging the show cost the Democrats $2.7 million. They had hoped to raise $5.7 million, which would have been slightly more than they raised last year in the full flush of Watergate prosperity. Instead, they raised just $4 million. To be precise, they got $4 million in pledges, and cruel experience has taught them that they can only collect on 80 per cent of their pledges. The high cost of fund-raising is getting the donkey down. The Party's seven announced presidential candidates have raised $10 million . . . and have about $2 million left as the campaign heats up.

—CATO

---

action regulations, and said the government's "unplanned, uncoordinated, and spasmodic" responses could lead to national insolvency.

■ One might think that the Hiss case was closed—except that cases that issue in defeat for the Left, somehow, never get closed. There is more compelling evidence for the guilt of Angela Davis than for the innocence of Alger Hiss; but the public controversy continues to swirl about Hiss rather than Miss Davis, though his trial occurred two decades before hers. And with Richard Nixon's decline and fall, the Hiss case has been getting opener and opener, as if the disgraced man could be somehow vindicated by the disgrace of his old enemy. Comes now one Irving Younger, in the August *Commentary*, to take up the question, "Was Alger Hiss Guilty?" After 15 pages of reviewing all the old questions about old rugs and phony typewriters, Younger concludes: Guilty. Guilty "beyond any reasonable doubt."

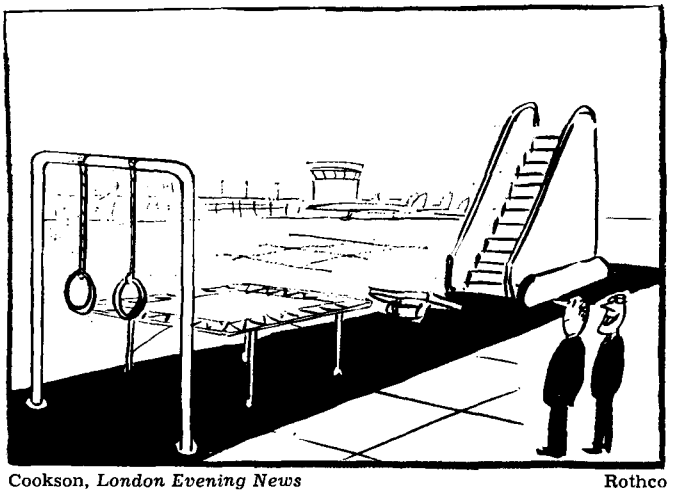
■ What would *Time* magazine do without the word "may"? Here are excerpts (emphasis added) from the last paragraph of its cover story on the Helsinki summit: "The Helsinki declaration's provision for intellectual freedom and cultural interchange *may well* be ignored by *many* of the East bloc signatories. . . . Nonetheless, a reasonable case *can be made* that the document is *not quite* so futile as the Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928. . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As one State Department official puts it: 'There's no court to take anybody into, but this document gives us some moral authority for saying, "You agreed. Why are you not living up to your word?" ' In that sense [concludes *Time*], the big show in Helsinki is *unlikely* to cause *much* harm, and *may well* do *more than a little good*." Meanwhile, back in the USSR, two non-political groups, one a small association of scientists, the other a group of Jewish scholars, were ordered to refrain from holding symposia and publishing journals. But this was before the actual signing of the declaration. Maybe Brezhnev was just beating the deadline.

■ The Organization of African Unity displayed the aptness of its name at its annual meeting, held last month in Kampala, Uganda. The OAU elected Field Marshal Idi Amin (he promoted himself to that rank just in time to take up the gavel) as its chairman for the coming year, even as three of its members' leaders (Tanzania's Nyerere, Zambia's Kaunda, Botswana's Khama) boycotted the conference to remind their fellow Africans that Amin's troops had massacred far more black Ugandans than whites and Asians. A proposal to oust Israel from the UN was blocked, because some members wanted to keep it for future use, as a carrot to entice the Arabs to give them more aid. Next came a proposal that the Eritrean Liberation Front be represented at Kampala. The Arab members supported the suggestion; the black Africans, most of whose governments are none too stable, were horrified by the thought of recognizing a secessionist movement. Amin, who is a Moslem and receives military and other aid from Libya, ought to be an excellent arbiter of that dispute. He also has the answer to the delicate problem of relations between black and white Africa. As he told a *Newsweek* interviewer, "The only answer is for Rhodesia and South Africa to give up. If they don't they are going to have a big problem."

■ In Inkster, Michigan, Judge John McCarthy, complaining that "junk" cases are absorbing all his time, has dismissed 23 bottomless dancing cases. "I've got bottomless cases coming out of my ears," he says, with feeling. The dismissals clear his backlog, so that Judge McCarthy can begin to handle 54 *new* bottomless cases.



Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco

"We understand President Ford likes to make a spectacular entrance."

■ Riddle: What goes up in big type on the front page and down in little type in the back pages? Answer: oil profits. In the old days, when profits were up and in the news, reporters and commentators, readers and listeners, thirsted for corporate blood. People suggested nationalizing the oil companies. Now Texaco's second quarter profits have plummeted by 52 per cent from last year's; Gulf Oil's are down 49 per cent. Mobil's are off 39 per cent; Exxon's 34 per cent—as reported back in the *financial* pages.

Summer Book

After the *Mayagüez* affair President Ford's political stock rose sharply. Conservatives were pleased by his vetoes of big spending bills. His approval rating rose in the national opinion polls by a dozen points. In political Washington it became a commonplace of conversation that Ford was a shoo-in for the nomination and was probably unbeatable in the election. Interviewers discussed his "confidence," and *Time*, reviewing his first year, pronounced him "Secure in the White House."

That mood probably did not reflect the deeper political realities. With the advent of August a subtle change in the political atmosphere is already perceptible, a slight chill, as if at the approach of fall.

First of all, Henry Kissinger has been doing the President very little political good. The Solzhenitsyn affair was one political stink bomb, the fumes blotting out the effects of *Mayagüez*. The Ford-Brezhnev conclave in Helsinki, while not exactly a political stink bomb, is also no plus. Few people of any political coloration are enthusiastic. The whole affair has an acrid odor, and finds its fitting symbol in the poisonous gas that filled the Apollo space capsule in its descent. In addition, Kissinger has been secretly negotiating with the Panamanians the transfer to them of control over the Panama Canal. Any such notion is opposed by an overwhelming majority in the House, by enough senators to block a treaty, and by a lopsided 5 to 1 majority of Americans. That particular bomb may even go off in time for the primaries.

The media have at last awakened to the importance of what has been going on in Montgomery, Alabama, but they have not noticed the other activity going forward on the right, and also promising trouble for Ford: Conservative Caucus, AIP, COCA. In 1972, John Schmitz, a virtually unknown Birchite running as the American Independent Party candidate, received 3 per cent of the California vote for President. This year even a minor candidate of that kind on the right could get 6 to 8 per cent, a major factor in closely contested states.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meanwhile—like Grant at Galena, his admirers hope—Ronald Reagan waits in the wings, keeping more or less to his long-established timetable. He is expected to announce his candidacy sometime before the end of the year.

That faint chill in the air could well foreshadow the great political storms of next winter.

Admiral Cassandra

In an interview published by the *Washington Post* (July 28), retired Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt, Chief of Naval Operations from 1970 to 1974, has put on public record the most alarming estimate of the U.S. strategic situation and the sharpest criticism of U.S. naval policy that has come from any American source of comparable experience and authority. Among the Zumwalt assertions:

1. The most effective naval leader of modern times is Sergei G. Gorchkov, commander-in-chief of the Soviet navy since 1956.

2. Even by 1973 (when Zumwalt was still CNO) the Soviet navy had progressed so far that if the U.S. Sixth Fleet had had to fight it during the Yom Kippur war, "the odds are very high that they would have won and we would have lost." Soviet ships in the Mediterranean outnumbered U.S. ships 98 to 65. Soviet planes could have attacked U.S. carriers from four directions, from land bases in Egypt, Syria, the Crimea, and Yugoslavia. "We didn't have a single land base" because none of our allies would have allowed us to use their land and airspace.

3. When the Israeli army encircled Egypt's prize Third Army and was poised to annihilate it, the Kremlin sent President Nixon a "savage ultimatum" declaring that he must compel the Israelis to pull back or Russian troops would. The U.S. had to capitulate to this ultimatum. Secretary Kissinger did not tell the truth about this episode "for fear of endangering detente."

4. Unlike our Navy, which has the primary objective of keeping open the sea lanes, the (simpler) objective of the Soviet navy is to be able to cut the sea lanes. This ability is rapidly increasing, not only by the addition of vessels adapted to the objective, but by access to new land bases in the Third World, by increasing radicalization of Third World nations, and by the reopening of the Suez Canal.

5. Countries outside the Soviet orbit that are dependent on imported raw materials (oil crucial among them) will decide "you're better off making compromises with the Russians rather than risk being cut off." The Kremlin will use their navy and other military forces "in a very sophisticated way, forcing us to back down."

6. Under the spell of Admiral Rickover, Congress is throwing huge sums into an overly nuclear navy with many huge ships vulnerable to new types of missiles that can be carried by relatively small craft. As a result as much of this inappropriate funding as of inadequate budgets, we will not only fail to match Soviet naval strength, but will continue to fall further behind.

CIA: Operation Cripple

One symptom of the CIA predicament may be seen in the fact that former director Richard Helms, now ambassador to Iran, could face perjury charges arising out of his 1973 testimony concerning the role of the CIA in Chile. Helms is a professional and a thorough establishmentarian. During the 1973 hearings he minimized the CIA role in Chile, stating that no attempts had been made to overthrow Allende, and that no money had been funneled to Allende's political enemies. It now appears that these points were substantially misleading, whether or not such testimony actually constituted the crime of perjury, and that the anti-Allende effort constituted high White House policy, originating with President Nixon.

It is evident that in the 1973 hearings Helms faced an excruciating dilemma. The judgment had been made by the President that it was in the U.S. interest to assist in the removal of Allende, though in the event, to be sure, that removal was brought about by powerful indigenous political forces. Should Helms, in 1973, testify truthfully about U.S. policy and create a blizzard of headlines damaging to the U.S. and to the CIA? Or should he testify blandly and evasively? A sound case, both professional and patriotic, can be made for the latter course. A sound patriotic case can even be made for the proposition that under certain imaginable circumstances an individual is required to lie to a congressional investigation.

As matters have turned out, the various investigations of the CIA combined with relentless press and media assaults have damaged—perhaps critically—the effectiveness of the Agency.

On May 25, the *New York Times* published the "revelation" that U.S. submarines with special electronic gear had been monitoring Soviet missile operations for 15 years, and sometimes operated inside Soviet territorial waters. Immediately following that leak, the Soviets planted mines and installed jamming devices and in various other ways crippled such intelligence-gathering operations.

Because of past and prospective leaks and disclosures,

The Case for New York

Our kids can go to college free
(And stay there even with a "D").
We write our rent checks on the cuff.
They keep us up when times are tough.
With landlords under rent control
And half the City on the dole,
It's inconceivable to think
The rest of you would let us sink.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ Moving briskly into the twentieth century, Ethiopia's ruling military junta has confiscated for itself all the country's urban land, except to allow each family one house and 500 square yards (about a ninth of an acre). Insiders claim the junta acted after reading a Nader study of an HUD study of Levittown.

■ Speaking of HUD, the *Indianapolis Star* has just finished a study of ten housing properties in that city with 1,128 apartments, mainly for the elderly. The properties are operated by a Dayton, Ohio firm with a $50,000 a month subsidy and a $20-million mortgage guarantee from HUD. Results: unanswered maintenance complaints in 63 per cent of the apartments; rodent and roach infestation; wet floors; piled-up garbage; closed-circuit security television not hooked up; safety lights ripped out; power shut off once for arrears, and water service threatened, along with plumbing and other services; and plans in Congress to bail out such subsidized housing projects with long-term loans, mortgage relief grants, and operations grants. Insiders claim Congress is acting after reading a Nader study of an HUD study of public housing in Ethiopia.

■ Speaking of Nader, the Great Advocate has waxed wroth about the failure of President Ford, Congress, the antitrust division of the Justice Department, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Agriculture Department to stamp out the hoarding and black market in can lids and to keep can lids on the market for the benefit of the many who have been growing and preserving their own food to fight federal inflation and who have been unable to buy the can lids they need in the over-regulated can-lid market now that harvest time is nigh, in contravention of the freedom of canning clause in the U.S. Bill of Rights, not to mention Article 55 of the UN Charter. "There is something really strange when an industry as profitable as lids are does not want to produce enough," stormed Nader, adjusting his grammar to meet the needs of public schooling consumers. "It's an incredible situation. The government is not willing or able to find out the facts in time. They knew there was a problem over a year ago. . . . There's no excuse. I'm urging all the people in the country to write Gerald Ford about it. . . . The best thing is just to flood the White House with letters." Stand by for a federal can lid agency with sub-Cabinet rank.

■ The Pasadena, Texas school district that kicked Billy Epperson out of kindergarten last year because of his long shaggy hair has been forced to change its rules, not only to re-admit Billy but to allow girls to wear pants to school on grounds that the new Health, Education, and Welfare guidelines banning sex discrimination do not permit school codes to distinguish between boys and girls. "You can't ban girls from wearing pants when you can't mention the word 'girls' in the code," says school board chairman J. B. Morris. Good thing the rest of us can tell the difference between boys and girls, even if HEW can't.

■ Alas, poor Hsieh Ho-hsun, party cadre official of the Tayeh iron mine of the Wuhan Iron and Steel Company in Hupeh province, China, was slain some time ago by comrades attempting to use company trucks to haul rock to build private houses, it is revealed. "After Hsieh had heroically sacrificed his life, the public security organs immediately exercised proletarian dictatorship over the counterrevolutionary elements who had killed Hsieh," Radio Anhwei reported, adding thoughtfully: "It is necessary to strike resolutely at active counterrevolutionaries and bad elements who have committed murder and theft, stirred up trouble, and sabotaged production, as well as other elements engaged in speculation, corruption, and theft. They must be punished in accordance with the law in order to guarantee smooth implementation of the policy of grasping the revolution and promoting production." Long live law and order, and Chairperson Mao.

■ The Food and Drug Administration, feeling that its power to regulate diagnostic medical devices was threatened, has requested the Justice Department to appeal a federal court ruling that do-it-yourself pregnancy tests are marketable. The judge ruled that the FDA regulatory power extended only to drugs designed to treat diseases and that pregnancy is not a disease but a "normal psychological function of all mammals." Yes, "psychological."

—TJW

foreign intelligence agencies are now showing a marked reluctance to cooperate with the CIA.

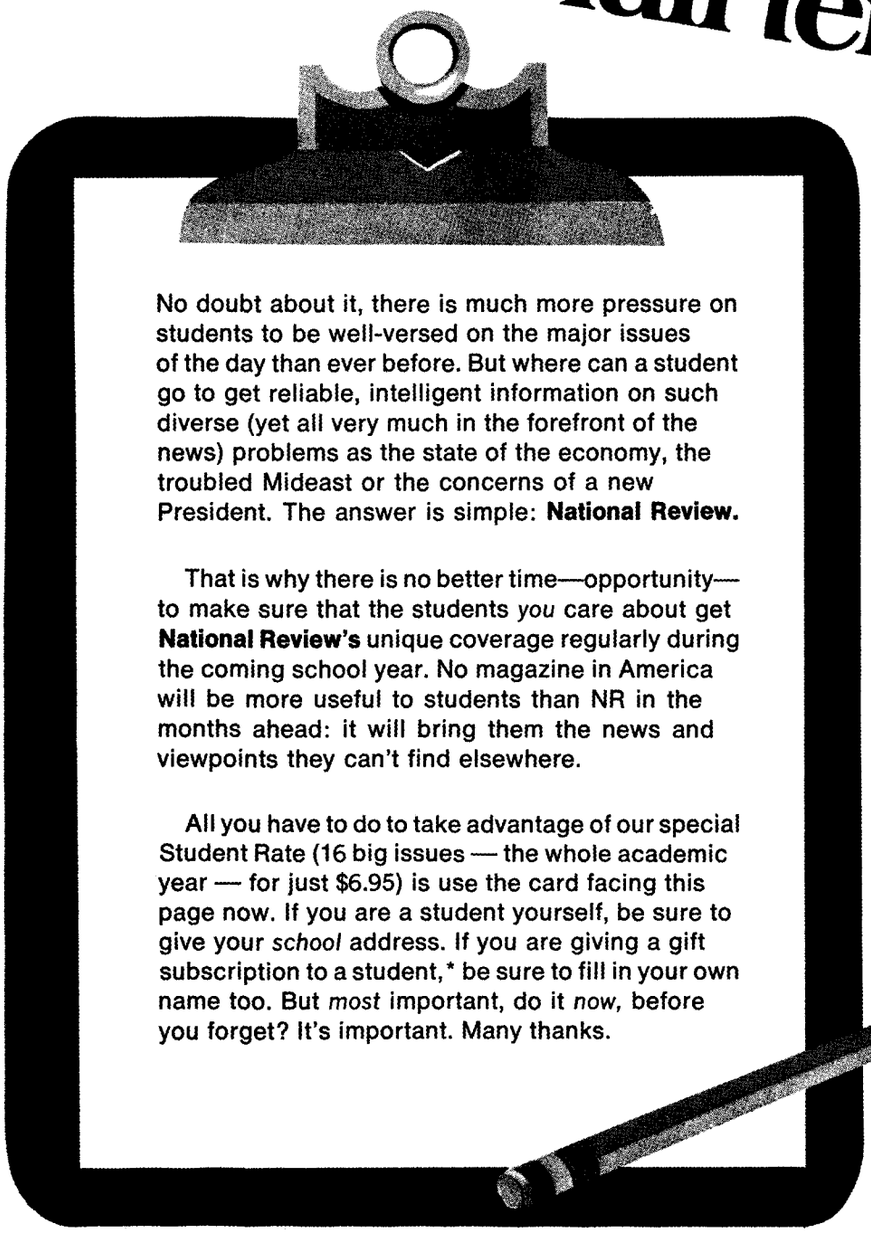
Before it encountered the present circumstance, the CIA had the mission of influencing events abroad without publicly involving the United States. As present director William Colby put it recently, the CIA provided an alternative "between diplomatic protest and sending in the Marines." This capacity has now been largely paralyzed. Before the deluge of publicity and investigation the CIA might have been expected to assist in preventing the satellization of Portugal. No CIA activity is discernible on that front, however.

The near paralysis of the CIA comes at a time when the principal Communist thrust in the West is political, and possesses a large conspiratorial element. No one doubts that the KGB is highly active in Portugal. NATO battalions can thus be outflanked politically, as in Portugal today, Italy and Spain tomorrow, and perhaps France the day after tomorrow.

In Congress, the Michael Harringtons and the Bella Abzugs are outraged that the overthrow of Allende was desired by the White House—nor is their outrage formalistic, a matter of "non-intervention." They presumably know that not to intervene is to intervene in another way.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGN UP right here and now for the fall term!



No doubt about it, there is much more pressure on students to be well-versed on the major issues of the day than ever before. But where can a student go to get reliable, intelligent information on such diverse (yet all very much in the forefront of the news) problems as the state of the economy, the troubled Mideast or the concerns of a new President. The answer is simple: **National Review.**

That is why there is no better time—opportunity—to make sure that the students *you* care about get **National Review's** unique coverage regularly during the coming school year. No magazine in America will be more useful to students than NR in the months ahead: it will bring them the news and viewpoints they can't find elsewhere.

All you have to do to take advantage of our special Student Rate (16 big issues — the whole academic year — for just $6.95) is use the card facing this page now. If you are a student yourself, be sure to give your *school* address. If you are giving a gift subscription to a student,* be sure to fill in your own name too. But *most* important, do it *now*, before you forget? It's important. Many thanks.

* *You may not personally know students who need NATIONAL REVIEW — but we do. NATIONAL REVIEW has a list of students who simply cannot afford to subscribe. Won't you make it possible for one or more of them to receive it this year? If you wish, we will send a handsome gift card in your name. Then we will bill you later at the special $6.95 rate.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their outrage derives from positive approval of the Allende regime. Thus the overthrow of Diem excites no such passions.

At the present time, small but strategically potent elements both in the government and in the media are emotionally and ideologically favorable to the world revolution, to Marxism, that is, in its non-Soviet forms. That, indeed, is what the struggle over the CIA is all about. A principal task of the Administration, therefore, must be the reform of the Agency to guard against major abuses while at the same time reviving its effectiveness as an instrument of U.S. policy, even when such policy is displeasing to Michael Harrington or to Seymour Hersh.

Inflated Prosperity

Though a few economists are feigning skepticism about the recovery, usually as an argument for larger deficits and faster money growth, there can be little doubt that the economic situation is improving. Industrial output was up 0.4 per cent in June, personal income up 2.5 per cent, retail sales up 0.7 per cent, exports up 6.7 per cent. For the second quarter, real GNP declined only a little, and productivity rose 2 per cent. There was a continued sharp rise in the Commerce Department's index of leading economic indicators, which generally foretells future trends; it was 8.9 per cent higher in June than in February.

The June rise in leading indicators, however, was dominated by the rise in "liquid assets"—a broad definition of money. A sharp and sustained increase in the supply of money does usually precede a sharp increase in production by a year or so, but a sharp increase in inflation is rarely far behind. From February through mid-July, the supply of money rose at an annual rate of nearly 11 per cent. Though partly justified by the slow growth of money in the preceding period, five months of double-digit money growth is ample grounds for inflation fears. *Time* magazine nonetheless wonders "whether the Federal Reserve is making enough money available." *Newsweek* is amazed to find businessmen acting as though they expect inflation to speed up, concluding that it must be due to "unusual factors" and "market power." "The inflation outcome," says *Newsweek*, "will depend heavily on how much oil prices increase in the months ahead and whether organized labor remains quiescent." Government fiscal and monetary policies—the primary causal factors—are not even mentioned.

A Scenario

The House won't resupply the Turk,
So Turkey (while the Russians smirk)
Eliminates the bases we
Employ to watch the enemy.
Meanwhile in Ankara, they go
To Araby for extra dough
To resupply the army which
The House is all agog to ditch;
Unfortunately, though, the Turks
Agree to give the Jews the works,
And, boy, to be a little mouse
When *that* explosion hits the House!

W. H. VON DREELE

Will the Azores Save Portugal?

For the past few months, a number of Azoreans have been fleeing their lovely islands. They do not belong, however, to the large company of conservatives, worried Catholics, businessmen, officials of the old regime, and, more recently, moderates of all sorts who are fleeing mainland Portugal for fear of a totalitarian takeover. These Azoreans are leftists—Communists or Communist sympathizers whose fear has a very different origin: the massive anti-Communist and anti-Marxist sentiment of the Azoreans. In the April 25 election for the shadowy Constituent Assembly, the Communist Party got fewer than 2 per cent of the Azores vote, and the Socialists less than half of the percentage they got on the mainland.

One of the first Azoreans to pull out was the civil governor, a leftist closely identified with the Lisbon regime. On June 6 his villa had been surrounded, with him in it, by thousands of the anti-Communist demonstrators who on that day also took over the radio station and blocked the airport runways as a sign, perhaps, of what they intended to do if the Lisbon authorities tried to airlift troops against them. The military governor, General Pinto Magalhaes, who is himself anti-Communist, quietly released those of the June 6 demonstrators who ended up in jail, and has indicated that he will not be responsible for the personal safety of leftists.

There are several rapidly growing organizations demanding autonomy or independence for the Azores. One, the Front for the Liberation of the Azores, has been getting support from the Popular Democratic Party, which won five of the six Azorean seats in the April vote and ran second to the Socialists on the mainland. Another, the Revolutionary Movement for Azorean Independence, is more militant, with many ex-paratroopers and ex-commandos among its members, who are believed to be well-armed. The Azoreans have always had friendly relations with the United States—and, in fact, there are four times as many persons of Azorean descent living in the U.S. as in the Azores. There is said to be talk in the Azores about asking to join the U.S. if it comes to a break with Portugal.

Since much of the army garrison in the Azores was recruited locally, it is not likely to prove very reliable if ordered to take action against fellow islanders in a showdown. Nor does it seem feasible for the Lisbon junta to send an effective force against the islands if the Azoreans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harris Rotheo

begin a determined move toward independence. Lisbon does not have adequate equipment for an invasion, and the Armed Forces Movement has more than enough trouble on the mainland to occupy the minority of troops that has kept up professional discipline.

Already five former Portuguese overseas provinces have become independent. There are no foreign journalists or news services in the Azores, and little news is coming out. There seems to have been a rise in pro-independence activity during July as the situation on the mainland degenerated, and this will probably expand even faster with the establishment of the hard-left Gomes-Gonçalves-Carvalho troika in Lisbon, the abandonment by the Armed Forces Movement of any pretense of democracy, and the rapid plunge of Portugal toward open civil war. Even in the Armed Forces Movement, there are those who think that the Azorean trend toward independence is probably irreversible. There are said to be some who believe, further, that a spark from the Azores might rouse the huge but floundering anti-Communist majority in Portugal itself to a united and sustained struggle to preserve their own independence from totalitarian subjection.

Quiet on the Western Front

Every day Soviet radio stations barrage Western audiences with denunciations of capitalism and bourgeois democracy. And every day Western radio stations broadcast messages to a captive audience behind the Iron Curtain. But in recent weeks there have been reports that one side may withdraw from the battle. Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty may become casualties of detente.

For years the Soviet Union has demanded that Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty be silenced. In the months before the conclusion of the European Security Conference, the Soviets redoubled their efforts, obviously anticipating that the West would use the stations to take advantage of the provision in the agreement which calls for a freer exchange of information. According to the *Christian Science Monitor*, "Moscow would like to see all foreign broadcasts subordinated to governmental agreements in which the West would promise not to permit the flow of information objectionable to the East. . . . Only what serves 'detente and European peace should be permitted in Western broadcasts.' "

The stations have other enemies besides the Soviet Union. In 1971 a disgruntled employee told liberal Senator Clifford Case that the stations were funded not by a private organization, as was claimed, but by the CIA. After the ensuing uproar, a presidential commission recommended that the stations be continued, but that Congress should assume responsibility for their funding. Congress has not been a generous sponsor. In the past five years, congressional parsimony has forced the stations to undergo staff reductions of 30 per cent. And Congress has yet to approve the stations' budget requests for the next fiscal year, which it has been considering since the beginning of the summer.

Congressional liberals have made no secret of their belief that the stations are relics of the cold war. If the liberals cannot be persuaded to approve next year's budget, the people of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe will be given another reminder of the West's declining interest in them.

Biting the Big Apple

New York City officials continue to procrastinate, substituting equivocal proposals for substantive action. The state's Municipal Assistance Corporation (Big Mac), created to supplement the City's weak credit line, proposed a freeze on municipal wages and hiring, and a three-year freeze on the city budget. Mayor Beame proposes a 10 per cent cut in the salaries of higher-paid city employees and a $32-million cut in the City University budget. The viability of such proposals depends critically on acceptance by the municipal unions, which have both the power and the will to thwart any action that would injure their members. "The Big Mac board is absolutely out of its mind," says Barry Feinstein, president of the Citizens Employees Union. "I don't know what Beame is going to say," says Victor Gotbaum of the Municipal Employees Union, "and I don't give a damn what he's going to say." "A freeze?" asked Michael Maye, president-elect of the Uniformed Firefighters Association. "Absolutely not!"

Continuing on the present course must result, sooner rather than later, in New York's defaulting on its debt, unless President Ford bails the City out. It is understood that Treasury Secretary William Simon would resign in protest if the Federal Government caves in. More money would not solve the basic problems anyway, because the unions would just grab it. Professor Milton Friedman argues that bankruptcy may be the only politically feasible alternative: "That will make it impossible for New York City in the future to borrow any money, and will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thus force New York to live within its budget." Some argue that bankruptcy would make it hard for all municipalities to sell securities, but those who evaluate and buy such securities are surely able to distinguish between sound and unsound debt.

The impending bankruptcy of New York City, and its vulnerability to union extortion, is bringing increased recognition of the merits of private competitive provision of many services habitually regarded as public monopolies. Noting that it costs $207 per household per year to collect garbage twice a week in Queens, while private collection in the nearby community of Bellerose costs $72 for three collections a week, even the *New York Times* was persuaded that "the city should move promptly to contract out collections in some selected areas to private carters." Jane Jacobs, author of *The Economy of Cities*, suggests an end to the municipal monopoly of transportation: "Let anybody who can satisfy the authorities that they're a safe driver and a good driver run any kind of transportation they want any place they want, any time they want." That such fundamental reforms are being seriously discussed is the silver lining.

Global Cartels Coming?

Columnist William Safire has sounded a justified alarm over a little-marked and seemingly rather casual decision of the Ford Administration. As a diplomatic sop to Third World raw material exporters, the Administration, reversing its prior stand, agreed to participate in "discussions" of price "stability" in such commodities. This could prove to be a Pandora's box.

What many such Third World countries desire are raw material cartels, modeled on the so-far successful OPEC, to regulate world prices. What this could easily mean in practice would be price supports, or floors, which would be maintained by agreement even when high prices turned consumers toward substitutes. That, in turn, could easily mean production controls, trade barriers of all kinds, special political deals, income redistribution, and so on—all, like the floor price, inflation generators. Yet in agreeing to such discussion, the U.S. indicated that it had "no reason to recoil" from the discussion of raw material cartels.

"With guaranteed prices, indexed to world inflation," writes Safire, "dictators and monarchs would have no incentive to provide a climate of freedom that attracts capital investment and development. . . . Years from now, as worldwide price supports push inflation out of sight—and as monopolies proliferate to discourage aggressive international business competition—some Assistant Secretary of State in charge of regulating all our exports will sigh, 'Where did it all begin?' And a President, with the United States in permanent recession because it is forced to support welfare states around the world, will reply, 'Ah, if we only knew . . .' "

Mass Transit

The idea of mass transit is enormously popular these days with enlightened liberals, and has become an established part of the liberal litany. You see at once what it has going for it. Mass transit is relatively non-polluting. It is public rather than private—this is always a big plus. Large federal subsidies are contemplated. Such a combination is of course irresistible. The liberal out in the suburbs or exurbs also knows that if enough of those troublesome proles can be conned into riding the trains he himself will encounter fewer traffic jams while driving around in his Mercedes.

Professor Alan A. Altschuler of MIT, however, is concerned that billions of dollars of public money may be invested in mass transit systems at a time when the whole idea is becoming obsolete. Testifying in Washington, Altschuler pointed out that urban dispersal "has already imposed very stark limits on the patronage potential of fixed route transit service," that is, trains. The old spoke-hub model of urban population movement has become obsolete. Even in metropolitan areas larger than one million, says Altschuler, only 9.4 per cent of employed residents work in the central business districts. Most commuting takes place laterally, around the wheel, rather than along the spokes to the hub. To accommodate the new commuting patterns Altschuler foresees the need for much more flexible modes of transportation—he mentions car pools, buses, dial-a-ride. The mass transit systems of which enlightened liberals are so enamored thus appear to be another of those ideas that have worked out so marvelously in practice, such as urban renewal, busing, open admissions, price controls, detente, maximum feasible participation, and so on.

Notes & Asides

■ Mr. Richard Rovere
c/o *The New Yorker*

Dear Dick:

Someone just now showed me your piece in the winter number of the "Authors Guild Bulletin," concerning (your major point) your refusal to appear on television without being paid, and (your minor point) my "bullying and insulting" treatment of you on Dave Garroway's show in the late Fifties. Dear Dick, hyperbole is fun, but when you use it, use it more archly, lest you confuse. As you know, I never said Joe "identified 37 Communists." (My book made all the relevant distinctions.) I did say that in my opinion Edward Posniak was a Communist, and far from being ignorant of him, you gave

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me at some length, during the period we drank coffee together so amiably after the program, your own version of the Posniak story, which I do not blame you for forgetting. With best wishes,

Bill

■ Memo to: Bill Buckley
Bill Rusher
Priscilla Buckley
Rob Sennott
From: Jim O'Bryan

The *NR* cover of March 28, 1975 (Ford swimming upstream) won an award in the Creativity '75 show sponsored by *Art Direction* magazine.

■ Dear Bill:

In reference to a letter appearing under "Notes & Asides" in the NATIONAL REVIEW of March 14, 1975, I thought that you might be interested in a recent experience in one of our more progressive schools. This may well be a fable, but here it is.

A wise teacher, knowing the great psychological trauma to young minds caused by competition, decided to grade his students as follows: all grades would be added, the average taken, and each student would receive the same grade.

Initially the students accepted the idea with enthusiasm. Down with the unhealthy competition! The A students dropped down moderately, but there were enough A and B students to pull all members of the class to a low B average. The C, D, and F students were of course delighted. And then something happened; the wise teacher is still trying to understand how in only a few weeks' time the class average fell to a nice low D.

Sincerely yours,
John M. Akin Jr., M.D.
Birmingham, Alabama

■ Dear Bill:

I fear (*NR*, July 18) that you have been indulging in too much you-know-what beyond the three-mile limit. WWV is transmitted from Fort Collins, Colorado.

As they say in typewriterland,

Qwertyuiop!
Jim Angel
Baden, Pa.

Dear Mr. Angel: No wonder I couldn't hear it. —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I just finished your column on John Lofton. I lost my temper, of course. You always do that to me. As, indeed, does Mr. Lofton.

But that isn't why I'm writing.

I read the col last week (and probably lost my temper then, too) and noted that you can do celestial navigation. I must say I am terribly impressed. I spent a week on Mixter, a couple of hours on the text issued by the Naval Academy in 1940, and my publisher sent me a snappy little number called "Commonsense Celestial Navigation" by one Hewitt Schlereth. All three of these books I'm sure are wonderful. But I don't understand a word in any of them.

Is there a text called something like *Self-Taught Celestial for Dumb Micks*? If there isn't, I'm going to have to get loran which, like powerboat ownership, is ungentlemanly. If you know of such a book, I would dearly love to hear about it. Your help in this matter won't make a conservative out of me, but it might keep me out of the country more often and on the ocean where my pernicious and kneejerk liberalism will harm none but the fishes.

Today's column, by the way, didn't make me angry because I disagreed with anything in it. It is true that on some matters sometimes journalists of both the Left and the Right get lucky and catch their opposite numbers in jackassy mistakes in public. What angered me about the column was its triviality. That Lofton was right all along is pretty small beer compared to that multi-billion dollar cruiser Dumb-Dumb wants to spend our money on or the fact that this note will probably be read by the CIA, possibly before you read it and almost certainly after.

Anthony Lewis' column today gloats that Sy Hersh was right all along and Mr. Colby is a liar. I don't disagree with Mr. Lewis, as I didn't with you. But I do think that during a time when the government has forgotten that it is ours and not vice versa, there are more important things to do than gloat.

To go from gloat to float, if you do know of a self-taught celestial book, I'd like to hear about it.

Best regards,
William J. Slattery
Box 239
Jamestown, R.I.

Dear Mr. Slattery: But gloating is a *great* delight. A real sensual treat, and you are only half a man if you don't ever engage in it. Hence even Our Lord gloated over His tormentors when He remarked to His fellow victim that this day they would be together in heaven. Granted, that is a Higher Gloat than anything one is entitled to at the expense of Shana Alexander. But actually, Slattery, gloating over the silliness of the mighty and the opinionated is a form of levelling iconoclasm, and very much in the spirit of the anti-authoritarianism which animates NATIONAL REVIEW, which you ought to read. Re celestial navigation, it is really very easy, though I have never read a book that made it sound easy. Accordingly, I intend to write one. Where the pedants make a mistake is in trying to tell you *why* it works. Never mind. Do you know how a computer works? Exactly. My book on my transatlantic sail, which will be written next winter, avoids the trap of intellectual curiosity. It will merely tell you how to do it, and gloat over yet another exegetical triumph. Cordially, **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Capital Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

Straws

SMALL STRAWS are blowing in the wind at the end of Mr. Ford's first year as 38th President. It has been a relatively balmy year, as years have been going recently, but there is turbulence in the political weather forecast.

One measure of Mr. Ford's success has been his handling of Congress. This has been a limited success, not extending to the positive achievement of securing his policies on such matters as energy and spending. Rather, the success, such as it has been, has been a matter of successfully using vetoes to block Congress. But none of the successful vetoes was as significant as the loss he sustained on the question of resuming arms sales to Turkey.

Mr. Ford and Mr. Kissinger pulled out all the stops—they even pulled out the bacon and eggs—in their attempt to convince Congress to favor at least a compromise proposal that would allow Turkey to receive shipments of U.S. arms that Turkey had paid for before the embargo was imposed. The embargo was imposed after Turkish forces invaded Cyprus and Congress decided to respect the law, which says that the U.S. shall not sell arms to nations that use U.S. arms for non-defense purposes. Mr. Ford was worried (and rightly so) about Turkey's threat to shut down more than twenty U.S. bases on its soil, including the sensitive intelligence-gathering bases from which we monitor such events as Soviet missile launchings.

So Mr. Ford invited hundreds of congressmen to breakfast with Henry—bacon, eggs, and syrup. All those calories were dished out in vain, but the vote was close: eight switches would have changed the outcome. And it is possible that at least that many wavering congressmen were pushed over into the anti-Administration camp by an incident at the final breakfast on the morning of the vote. There Mr. Kissinger seemed to say that the Greek government did not object to the compromise proposal. The Greek government promptly and angrily objected. This left some congressmen feeling that Mr. Kissinger had tried a fast one. Whether or not that is true, the significant thing is the readiness of a growing number of people to believe that Kissinger is not above such tactics.

The vote was an appropriate punctuation for the first anniversary of the end of the Watergate unpleasantness. The vote was linked with that unpleasantness. It was an act of congressional assertiveness against the once and future imperial Presidency; it was a slightly self-conscious act of scrupulousness about the letter of American law which, however inconvenient, does seem to require something like an arms embargo until there is some progress toward a solution of the Cyprus problem.

The Greeks, the losers to the Turks on Cyprus, have a lot of relatives in the U.S., and those relatives have been taking careful notes on how the American Jewish community keeps Congress alert to the interests of Israel. The Administration was ahead by 12 votes going into the home stretch, but a pro-Greek surge tied the score at 199, and then some votes were switched, a tribute to reverence for Hellenic culture, the rule of law, and the political wisdom muttered by one member: "There are no Turkish restaurants in my district."

Representative John Anderson (R., Ill.), Minority Whip, pleaded not quite accurately, and in vain, that Mr. Kissinger "was not the issue." But Mr. Kissinger was part of the issue, as he was two days later when the Administration, staring another defeat in the eye, blinked, and withdrew its proposal to sell an extraordinarily large batch of sophisticated weapons—including 14 Hawk missile batteries—to Jordan. Congress can, by concurrent resolution, block proposed arms sales involving more than $25 million, and it had the votes to block this $350-million sale. This action reflected anxiety about Hawks—which are important to NATO defenses—falling into Syrian and then into Soviet hands. It reflected the solidity of the pro-Israel block in Congress. But it also reflected a slowly rising anxiety about the hubris implicit in Mr. Kissinger's foreign policies.

The proposed arms sale looked like an attempt to fine-tune the Mideast crisis by turning up the pressure on Israel to sign on whatever dotted line Mr. Kissinger and Egypt's President Sadat provide. There is an emerging non-ideological consensus that government is, indeed, a blunt instrument, and that its bluntness is nowhere more apparent than in the impotence of Mr. Kissinger's too-clever-by-half policies of fine-tuning Vietnam settlements, fine-tuning the tribal warfares in the Mideast, and fine-tuning detente. Mr. Ford's snub of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, new grain sales to the Soviet Union, and Mr. Ford's latest trek at the heels of Mr. Kissinger, this time to Helsinki—anxiety about all of these indicates growing uneasiness about a foreign policy that has not changed its architect or (hence) its premises in six and a half years, during which the U.S. has grown weaker relative to the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union's allies have prospered while America's allies have declined in strength and numbers.

HERE, for example, is the voice of George Ball, former Under Secretary of State for Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, member in good standing of the Democratic Party's uppermost establishment, writing in *Newsweek* to denounce "capitulation at Helsinki":

> How can anyone justify our solemnly agreeing never to challenge the Soviet system in Eastern Europe just when the Kremlin-directed Communist Party in Lisbon is blatantly trying to add Portugal to that Soviet system? And why are we conniving to build up the Soviet Union in world opinion just when the Soviets are cracking down with renewed vigor on dissenters?

Being in charge of foreign policy is supposed to be a political advantage for an incumbent President. It may not be an advantage for Mr. Ford next fall. If not, he may be without anything to distract the attention of the electorate from the economy. Mr. Ford began his first year by declaring inflation "public enemy Number One." As he jetted off to Helsinki the Consumer Price Index was rising ominously. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Logic of Detente

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

WHEN THE COMMENTATORS got to work on the story that the President had refused to meet with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, many of them explained his "mistake," as they assumed it to be, by his own or his aides' haste, illiteracy, narrowness, stupidity, or philistinism. There was initial speculation that Henry Kissinger "could not" have been consulted; and, when it was reported that indeed he had been, that he "could not" have agreed with the decision.

After a few days of hems and haws, it became clear that neither haste, illiteracy, narrowness, stupidity, nor philistinism was responsible for the un-welcome. The decision had been taken deliberately, after lengthy analysis: by the National Security Council, the President in conference with his chief aides, and the President consulting with his Secretary of State, who subsequently affirmed that he had been fully in accord.

In the course of his July 24 colloquium with representatives of the *New York Times*, the President, answering a query concerning this Solzhenitsyn non-encounter, ruminated: "I don't think we handled it the best in the White House. There is no use denying that, and it is just one of those things." Observe that Mr. Ford did not say that the White House had pursued a false policy, only that—how nostalgic a ring the wording has—"we" had not "handled it the best."

In both what he said and what he did not say, Mr. Ford's estimate was correct. The handling—the tactics, that is—had been sloppy, and for that a price had to be paid, as (Gerald Ford may have reflected) for a badly executed football play. But there was no strategic mistake. On the contrary, the logic of detente—as the U.S. conceives detente—requires that a clear line be drawn between the President of the U.S. and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Henry Kissinger understands the logic of his policy. On that his advice was the best guidance, whatever the defects in his sense of the popular mood.

The policy of detente—as the U.S. conceives it—is focused on the relationship between the U.S. Government and *the Soviet regime*. Its strategy seeks to improve that relationship; to make it, first, less hostile, and then more cooperative and friendly. *Therefore*, the strategy of detente is directed against the masses of the Soviet peoples and against the nations subject to the Soviet regime. To solidarize with this regime is, necessarily, to collude against its victims. The merciless logic holds now just as it did during that earlier cycle of detente which had as its culminating episode the forced delivery, in 1944-47, to Stalin, of two million Soviet men, women, and children who found themselves in Western hands.

The Moving Finger Writes

By one of those odd historic concatenations, Solzhenitsyn functions for the moment as the voice of the Soviet peoples, even, in spite of his being a Russian, and in spite of some Great Russian, Third Rome rhetoric in some of his past writings, for the non-Russian subject nations. "The President," he declared on July 21, "will shortly be leaving for Europe to sign the betrayal of Eastern Europe, to acknowledge officially its slavery forever." And sure enough, in spite of the indignant denials of such an interpretation, the President, in delivering his departure statement at Andrews Air Force Base, July 26, omitted a sentence of the text distributed in advance: "The United States has never recognized the Soviet incorporation of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia and is not going to do so in Helsinki." The advance text, the official spokesman explained, had been issued "without the President's approval."

You cannot have your Brezhnev and Solzhenitsyn too. So, and again *therefore*, those who choose Brezhnev are busy developing the case against Solzhenitsyn. He is archaic, fanatic, out of touch, mercenary, unreliable, and, well, frankly, as the KGB could tell us, off his rocker.

As if trying to drive home the meaning of the detente our government so ardently seeks, history is prodigal this season in providing transparent symbols. Take, in addition to the Solzhenitsyn display, an eloquent feature of the Apollo-Soyuz linkup: its date. It somehow happened that the week selected for this "historic event," as all official comment hailed it, was the same as that designated by an act of our legislature as "Captive Nations Week": a yearly reiteration—so it was conceived to be—of our dismay at the subjection of the nations of Eastern Europe to Moscow's tyranny, and a yearly pledge of our wish and intent that those subject nations shall again be free. The juxtaposition could not have been more exquisite: in this PR production, the White House and the Kremlin shook hands, in lofty indifference, high over the forgotten and abandoned peoples of Eastern Europe.

Place as well as time join the symbolic parade. Consider *where* the 35 heads of government assemble to sign the protocols of the Conference on European Security and Cooperation. That it should be Helsinki, capital of Finland, is almost too perfect to be believed. *Finland*, which has given its name to a major strategic reality of our epoch: *Finlandization*—the geopolitical relationship in which the Soviet Union has a veto over the military and foreign policy of another country and enough control over its domestic policy to inhibit anti-Soviet economic or political conduct.

The Future of Finlandization

Gerald Ford signs the Helsinki protocol on "inviolability of frontiers" as Portugal is being overwhelmed by a Communist assault backed politically and materially by the Soviet Union. Leonid Brezhnev, who prepared and ordered that backing, the same Brezhnev who ordered the invasion of Czechoslovakia, signs alongside him. Together they raise their glasses of champagne in a toast to detente.

As the auguries foretell, the Finlandization of Western Europe follows, in due course, from the logic of detente—as the U.S. conceives detente. The Finlandization of Western Europe is equivalent to the isolation and investment of the United States. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF NEWSMEN AND TELEGOGUES

Why Not a Commentary on Sevareid?

If you don't like the "analysis" Eric Sevareid serves up each evening, just turn the knob and get— more of the same. Or, turn to Mr. Feuer's plan for a bit of freedom from the press

LEWIS S. FEUER

An old Latin proverb queries: "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" Who will watch the watchmen themselves? That, in brief, is the problem of the "mass media": the power of the television networks, the radio, and the newspapers, and its misuse. As oligopoly in the electromagnetic media has grown, it has become clear that it is not the medium that dictates the message, but rather a handful of "telegogues" who select and edit the news and deliver themselves of two-minute capsules of what they call "analysis." A handful of men, especially of the Columbia Broadcasting System, have an awesome grid with which to magnetize the opinions of many millions of people; the effects of their oligopoly, with those of NBC and ABC, have been of a kind that Adam Smith would have predicted. The free market for ideas continues to be steadily undermined by the oligopolistic power of the networks.

Who has ever heard the "analysts" of one network take issue with those of another? The last thing a policeman likes to do is to investigate other policemen; the last thing a newsman likes to do is to investigate other newsmen (that defines the limit of what they call "investigative reporting"); and the last thing an analyst wants to do is to "analyze" other analysts. In politics, it is taken for granted that the background of every politician will be scrutinized; every act of his public career and private life is regarded as material to be probed. But to do the same with "analysts" is to conjure forth a staged indignation that freedom of publication is being menaced. The reality is that one class in American society, the newsmen, like the medieval church, still enjoys an immunity despite the fact that it is, of all the political elites, the most continuous. Legislators, Presidents, and Cabinet secretaries come and go, but Eric Sevareid, for instance, is always there, emitting exordia, pronouncements, and sermonettes.

I have been listening more closely in recent weeks to Eric Sevareid. He dominates the screen with "jutting jaw," gimlet-like gaze, all groomed with the skills of makeup men; his imperious assertions are never alloyed with a trace of doubt. Lately he has been concerned with avoiding what are called "recriminations" over Vietnam. Can it be that he wants no discussion as to whether he contributed to the American defeat?

Sevareid, as he relates in an early book, *Not So Wild A Dream*, had his formative political experience at the University of Minnesota. This banker's son found himself a member of the Jacobin Club, where he shared a hatred for the existing society, especially its Army: "Of all the instruments designed to uphold the existing order, I think we most hated the military establishments." Eric was ready to be shaped as a revolutionist by the student movement: "With my college generation a new thing developed: the 'student movement,' long a serious political factor in China and many European countries, became for a time a reality in American affairs." It had a "definite effect," wrote Sevareid, on our lives: "We were in revolt," not in the sense of the old-fashioned reformers, but against "the whole underlying motivation of public affairs." While not adhering strictly to any party line, "we frequently worked with them [the Communists]." And after he had lent his support to the Trotskyite-led truckdrivers in their clash with the police, "I went home, as close to becoming a practicing revolutionary as one of my noncombative instincts could ever get." He clashed with his father, and together with a couple of hundred other students, took the Oxford Pledge, that symbol of his generation's revolution. "We refuse to support any war which the United States Government may undertake."

And lastly Eric Sevareid learned in the Jacobin Club the cardinal imperative of modern political action: to get control of the media of communication, "the really vital instruments—the daily newspaper, the literary review, the law review, the board of publication, the student council." Soon ten or twelve Jacobins were running campus life, and Eric himself was a syndicated student columnist for 130 college papers.

Sevareid's enthusiasm for student activism, for the younger generation, has been rekindled. But where, one wonders, has the All-Knowing Media Man been all these years? Has

---

Mr. Feuer teaches sociology at the University of Toronto; his latest book is Ideology and the Ideologists.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he visited campuses and heard of the crimes, the drugs, the ripoffs, the sale of academic papers, the corruption of grades? While academic budgets are being slashed, the only allocations that flourish are those for security guards, a category which even in Mr. Sevareid's Jacobin days was minuscule. And what lies behind the attack mounted for several years on the so-called "work ethic" and its replacement by the "ego-trip"?

SURELY THE privileged purveyor of such "analyses" should himself have to face challenge in a public forum. Upward of sixty million people listen to Mr. Sevareid several evenings a week. His persuasive potential far exceeds that of almost any United States senator or public official; the latter, however, are obliged to face questions and debate in legislative chambers and committee hearings. Our Constitution is being virtually amended so that we have a fourth branch of government; to the legislative, judicial, and executive, we now must add the communicational. The newsmen reiterate the demand that all public figures submit to the interpellation of press conferences. A Prime Minister in Britain has a much easier time with his interpellations than a President of the United States. The questions are sent to him in advance; his replies are never *ex tempore*; and above all, he can always challenge the questioner to state the grounds for an alternative policy. The opposition in Britain has a responsibility analogous to that of the scientist who has to provide an alternative theory instead of merely engaging in a critical assault. And this responsibility alone is what tempers an opposition into what we mean by a "responsible opposition."

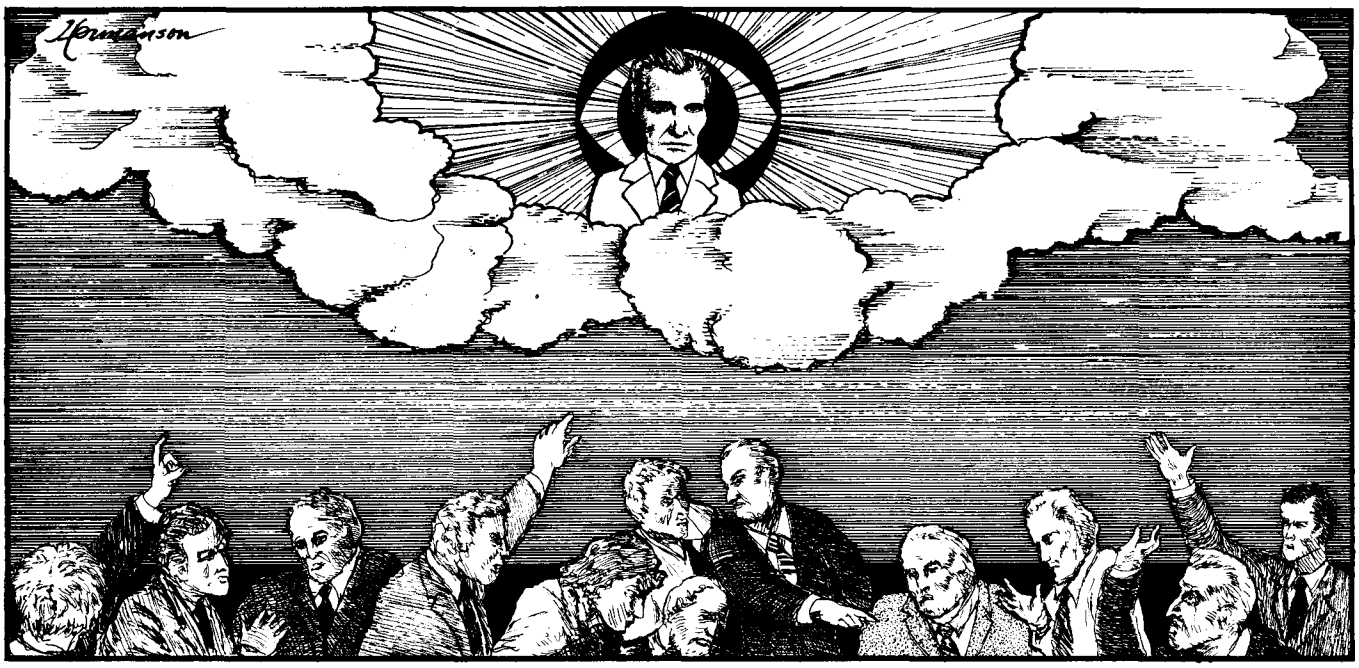
But in American press conferences, the successful newsman is the man who can "make the news" by provoking indiscreet, emotional, or cantankerous phrases for headines; he advances his career if he can elicit some sensational remark, some careless comment by a tired man, some slip of speech which would have been repudiated after quieter reflection but which, once rendered, has public consequences that are in part irreversible. Always aware of the news value of personality, he is less mindful of the complexities of policy and of his responsibilities in discussing it.

The institution of the press conference (now televised) was really the creation of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who with his extraordinary charm, bonhomie, and zest sought to cultivate the good will of newsmen. He felt capable of using them as a kind of counterforce to propagandize against a hostile Court and Congress. Abraham Lincoln never had a press conference. (Think of Lincoln being prepared in the television room by the makeup men, the conferences over his warts and the trim of his beard.) Was Lincoln's electorate really any less reflective or any less able to discuss the logic of his carefully reasoned speeches? Will the like of a Gettysburg Address ever emerge from the media milieu of the press conference?

In Rome the Pretorian Guard grew to have the power if not to make, at least to unmake an Emperor. Our media are close to accumulating such power. The political views of a couple of network presidents and their ace staff-men and commentators outweigh the significance of any similar combination of trade union leaders or corporation executives.

Legislators, Presidents, and Cabinet secretaries come and go, but Eric Sevareid is always there, emitting exordia, pronouncements, and sermonettes

The Imperial Media have a command over opinion-making far more potent than that possessed by any Imperial Presidency. Moreover, they can shape the national ethics with a multitude of stimuli. James Reston may wring his hands about it but the suborning of informers in the government goes on apace. The two *Washington Post* correspondents awarded a Pulitzer Prize for their investigative reporting called their informer "Deep Throat"; it requires little psycho-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In American press conferences, the successful newsman is the man who can "make the news" by provoking indiscreet, emotional, or cantankerous phrases for headlines

analytical acumen to see what this appellation signified as to their unconscious opinion of the official who was betraying his pledged word. A few years ago the *New York Times* was boasting of the "brilliant investigative reporting" of Neil Sheehan on the matter of the Pentagon papers. Then it transpired that this "brilliant investigative reporting" consisted in Daniel Ellsberg's carting the papers over to his favorite, friendly newspaper. When Ellsberg was tried, his defense was that there was really nothing new in the papers, that it had all been actually known before. Then what, we may ask, made the *New York Times* so eager to print these papers—which, when published in book form, were one of the colossal failures of the industry? Evidently what the *Times* wanted was its very own venture into the fringes of civil disobedience, and indeed, it almost ran afoul of the United States Supreme Court.

A hundred years ago, in the crisis of the Civil War, the editors of the *New York Times* and *New York Tribune* had a conception of patriotism which seems to have all but vanished among their successors. In 1864, Horace Greeley, the editor of the *Tribune*, and Henry J. Raymond, the editor of the *Times*, wanted to publish the papers concerning a secret meeting with a Confederate mission; this meeting to explore a negotiated peace had collapsed under Lincoln's intransigence. Greeley, himself a presidential aspirant, insisted to President Abraham Lincoln that "nine-tenths of the whole American people, North and South, are anxious for peace—peace on almost any terms . . ." And indeed Lincoln himself at that time had almost despaired of a Union victory. He was prepared to approve the publication of the papers provided that "a few passages" that he red-penciled himself were suppressed. As Lincoln explained with candor, they were those parts which, if published, might "give too gloomy an aspect to our cause, and those which present the carrying of elections as a motive of action." For all his hostility to President Lincoln, Greeley never published the secret Civil War papers and neither did the *New York Times*. Whose moral standards were higher: those of Greeley and Raymond, or those of Arthur Ochs Sulzberger and his cohort?

The issues of media bias and electronic oligopoly remain unresolved. It may be that there are no adequate solutions, and that we shall prefer to live with one set of problems rather than abet the creation of the far worse ones that arise with increased state control. But the issues must once more be debated; they were only prorogued by the Watergate imbroglio. When the American Society of Newspaper Editors met last year, the hope was freely expressed "that Watergate had saved" the newspapers, albeit the fear was also voiced as to what might happen after the "post-Watergate euphoria" had evaporated. There remained the disquieting testimony that three-quarters of the people, according to a Gallup poll, felt that "newspapers are not careful about getting their facts straight."

It is hard, of course, to evaluate the basic trend of newspaper credibility; has it gone up or down during the last fifty years, or have the American people always had a certain cynicism about their press? Daniel Schorr complained bitterly a couple of years ago that the profession of a newsman was being sullied by reprisal-seeking Administration officials. Possibly a far more powerful factor in the public's estimate may be its repugnance toward a journalism that thrives on "Deep Throats," that makes the cultivation of informers a primary factor in news-collecting. Inevitably, the public becomes suspicious about the relations between newsmen and informers and surmises that "leaks" are made to win a most favored status from privileged, powerful newsmen. And all this is claimed to be sacrosanct and protected by the First Amendment.

There are some practicable steps, which might well be considered, that would not involve the risks and unforeseen consequences of a large-scale reconstruction of the media oligopoly. For instance, once a week, instead of having politicians interviewed, one might have the newsmen themselves questioned, "confronted"—not by their fellow-newsmen, but by a "blue-ribbon" intellectual panel. This latter panel could be drawn from professors of political science, economics, contemporary history, from the echelons of the business, labor, and professional communities; its members could be chosen on a rotating basis to avoid a selective bias. They would query such telegogues as Eric Sevareid about their "analyses." Nothing has been so salutary in making for a realistic view of journalists than such interviews as those which took place with newsmen returned from Communist China, like James Reston, aglow as he told of acupuncture—as if Chinese medieval medicine proved something about the Communist system.

The Imperial Media have a command over opinion-making far more potent than that possessed by any Imperial Presidency

The glib speaker of rehearsed lines often turns out to be a political stutterer who needs lots of Scotch-tape to hold his arguments together. To be sure, at the height of listeners' discontent with their news programs, CBS began to serve up selected tidbits from viewers' letters, but this sort of pre-edited criticism and praise is no substitute for the interpellation of the media-managers. Of course, as Walter Cronkite told an audience, if you don't like the program, you can always turn it off. But Cronkite knows very well, as do the advertisers, that the appeal of pictures is such that many viewers tend to swallow the ideological additive along with it. If there were a large number of competing, equally wealthy, national networks, if there were always available someone like the ever-rational Howard K. Smith, said to be ostracized by fanatical colleagues, then Cronkite's sage reminder of the freedom to choose would be well grounded. But the oligopoly narrowly limits the choice. Hence it is all the more imperative that the competitive debate be extended to include the privileged opinion makers of the oligopoly themselves. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EPA

The Excesses of the Professional Environmentalists

RALPH de TOLEDANO

IT WAS ONCE part of Washington's unwritten code that federal regulatory agencies could lie, but never cheat. Both involved deceit, but one was passive and the other active—a case of Ananias and a goldbrick salesman. Today, a new code of ethics has been unwritten, and it should not come as a surprise that the new code for federal regulatory agencies should find its apotheosis in the Environmental Protection Agency. EPA, after all, was created as the result of some of the shabbiest panic-mongering since a group of politicized atomic scientists warned us that the Eniwetok tests could set fire to the atmosphere. It was, moreover, created in the ineffable image of Ralph Nader. The Nader methodology is everywhere apparent in EPA's onslaught as it moves from non-evidence to authoritarian *diktat*.

If this assessment of EPA is harsh, it can be vindicated by a scenario which the eagle-eyed and vigilant media largely ignored. At issue was the Safe Drinking Water Act, a bill which would take water safety from state and local jurisdictions and give it to EPA. When the House showed a signal lack of interest in the measure, EPA leaked a story that "people in the Mississippi Delta region of New Orleans are being subjected to carcinogenic materials originating in plants north of the city on the Mississippi River."

To arrive at this conclusion, EPA began with the datum that in seventy years, the average person drinks 70,000 gallons of water. The Agency then ran 70,000 gallons of Mississippi Delta water through an absorptive filter and, presto changeo, discovered traces of carcinogenic materials, though so minute that they could not be accurately measured. As *Ecology* newsletter, which discovered the fraud, summed it up, EPA's charge that cancer threatened the people of New Orleans was "predicated on a hypothetical person drinking 70,000 gallons of potable Delta water in one sitting, and in the same amount of time that it took EPA to run that quantity through an absorptive filter!"

Armed with this "evidence," EPA's 41 lobbyists—their salaries total close to $1 million annually—accompanied by volunteer eco-freaks and enthusiastic reporters, descended on Congress. To much applause, what became known as the Safe Drinking Water Act became law. It was a cozy piece of legislation from EPA's standpoint since it did not require the Agency to prove that a particular water supply was unsafe. The burden of proof rested on the locality, and one letter from a resident could spark repressive action.

Yet this case barely scratches the surface of EPA machinations. Take, for example, the question of air pollution. In November of 1974, *Clean Air News* reported:

> As a means to an end, EPA has scared the American people with widely publicized and rather precise predictions of what would happen if clean air standards are not met: several thousand premature deaths, 10 million asthma attacks, over 25 million days of increased symptoms of illness, etc. The man who made these predictions, in a report to the President's Air Quality Advisory Board, recently described the information on which they were made as "inadequate" in the following ways: *limited* historical data base; *limited* monitoring system; *limited* understanding of mechanism and rates; *lack* of precise models for estimating long-range transportation of pollutants; *inadequate* dose-response functions for determining adverse effects on health and welfare; and *inadequate* control technology research. From this "limited," "inadequate," and imprecise information come the precise predictions of death and illness EPA uses to stimulate public support.

There is a wealth of scientific data which EPA might have consulted before it began to cry out against air pollution. Denying the EPA myth that we are rapidly being asphyxiated by sulphur dioxide from our industrial plants, Professor Matthew A. Crenson of Johns Hopkins wrote in the *New York Times* of April 20, 1971 that "The available evidence indicates that there has been a general decline in sulphur dioxide pollution during the past thirty or forty years."

A 1932 study by the United States Health Service demonstrated that in 14 cities the average concentration of pollutants was 510 micrograms per cubic meter. Monitoring 64 cities in 1969, HEW could detect only 92 micrograms per cubic meter. City after city, including Los Angeles, was showing significant declines in sulphur dioxide and suspended particulates before EPA came on the scene. Panic-mongering assertions by ecologists that air pollution was reducing the amount of the world's oxygen were shown to be false by the Environmental Science Service Administration, which reported that the content in 1910 and in 1970 was precisely the same—20.946 per cent.

OTHER STUDIES showed that if all the organic material on earth were oxidized, the concentration of oxygen in the atmosphere would be reduced by 1 per cent. Man-made devices emit nitric oxide and nitrogen dioxide at an annual rate of some 50 million tons—to nature's 500 million tons. The carbon monoxide rate is the same in areas with many cars as it is in those with few cars, and the overall concentration is not increasing. A 1971 study showed that the emphysema rate is higher in rural areas than it is in big cities. And in 1969, Dr. Mario Batigelli, Associate Professor of Occupational Health at the University of North Carolina, reported in a technical journal that "all attempts to find conclusive health damage caused by sulphur dioxide at levels normally present in city air have failed."

The literature is vast and presumably available to EPA. A lazy researcher for the Agency could even find it carefully summarized in *The Disaster Lobby*, by Melvin J. Grayson and Thomas R. Shepard Jr.—a devastating book which should be more widely read. The myth,

---

Mr. Toledano's latest book is Hit & Run —The Rise—and Fall?—of Ralph Nader, *published by Arlington House.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, has been far more useful than the truth to EPA's 8,700 employees—2,700, plus an additional six thousand temporary employees, working in Washington where the propagandizing is easy. Ralph Nader is still describing Lake Erie as "dead" because of pollution, though record numbers of healthy fish are taken out of it every year. Environmentalists had the decency to drop their scare campaign that industrial wastes were increasing to a dangerous level the amount of mercury in fish when it was discovered that their cousins swimming in the purest of lakes—as well as 2,000-year-old fossil remains—had no less mercury in their tissues and bones.

THE LEVEL of EPA's "research" has been disclosed by Freedom of Information Act suits which forced the Agency to make some of its "studies" public. The suits were filed by the Ethyl Corporation, and *Barron's* had this to say of three previously secret reports designed to prove that automotive lead is a danger to health and welfare: "Two were impugned by the scientific community . . . for their inaccuracies, omissions, and distortions, and withdrawn. The third was described by the man in charge of preparing it as in no sense . . . an unbiased document." *Barron's* continued:

> . . . the record plainly indicates that EPA, in seeking to mandate a reduction in the lead content of gasoline, has acted in irrational, unscientific, and arbitrary fashion. It has relied heavily on documents which seem to support its claims and ignored others which effectively refuted them. It has misquoted and distorted to the point where . . . its peers in the scientific community rejected its findings. It has sought to suppress contrary opinion in its own ranks: one document, pried loose thanks to Ethyl's successful [litigation], quotes EPA scientists as follows: "We have no evidence that air lead (at ambient concentrations) of itself is directly toxic to humans." Or: "No concrete link has been established between lead from automotive exhausts and harmful health effects."

At a time of energy shortages and inflation, EPA policies inhibit the construction of new power plants and increase costs drastically. Though the agency has set safe levels of "air pollution," it has been forced, by a court decision, to negate its own standards by promulgating a doctrine of "degradation" of the environment. Spelled out, this means that if a community has a level of pollution well below EPA limits and can demonstrate that a needed new plant will not push that level above the mandated norm, it can still be ordered to cease and desist because such construction will "degrade" the environment. EPA is also attempting to compel all utilities to install enormously expensive "scrubbers" in their stacks whether they are needed or not to maintain safe levels of pollution. The consumer, not EPA, pays—as one example of many in the files shows. The *St. Louis Dispatch* reported: "EPA has ordered Union Electric Company of St. Louis to install sulphur removal equipment on three generating plants at an installation cost of $500 million and a yearly operating cost of $120 million—despite the recent announcement of its regional director that '[ground level] air in St. Louis already meets federal air quality standards for sulphur oxides except for a few hot spots' and that 'Union Electric cannot be blamed even for those . . .' The added expense of installing and operating this unnecessary equipment would increase electric bills by 30 per cent or more." But EPA is above such considerations. It has also opposed the "scenic pollution" of strip mining even though it would provide badly needed coal and, incidentally, save the lives lost in the far more hazardous pit mining.

EPA, ironically, continues unconcerned about what the House Appropriations Committee, after hearing the testimony of Agency officials, described as "adverse environmental impacts" in the use of scrubbers. Scrubbers, said the Committee, "result in a power loss, therefore additional coal will have to be burned by the utilities. EPA estimates that by 1980 an additional 12 million tons of coal will have to be mined annually to operate the scrubbers [and] an additional 40 million tons of lime [necessary to operate the scrubbers] will have to be mined annually." With a daily shortage of 13,000 boxcars, the Committee noted deploringly, EPA was proposing to add a million car loads to already strained railroad traffic.

"Henry always likes to barbecue after he meets with the Environmental Protection Agency."

THOUGH THE EPA would not tolerate the "scenic pollution" of strip mines, it was ready to create its own. The Committee pointed out that "scrubbers also produce a lime sludge, which is highly unstable and has to be stored in holding ponds. EPA estimates that by 1980 an estimated 160 square miles of ponding to a ten-foot depth will be required to handle this unstable sludge. In addition, this sludge has the potential for creating serious water pollution problems . . ."

These are just a few of the highlights of EPA meddling. To protect Boston from itself, the Agency arbitrarily ordered that all employee parking lots of companies with more than fifty workers

(Continues on page 899)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Upbeat Appraisal

England isn't what she used to be; but Oxford very nearly is. There are courses in sociology now, and it's hard to tell Town from Gown. But she is still the home of lost causes and foresaken beliefs

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

YOU CAN'T conveniently reach England by sea any more, so that the transatlantic visitor renewing his impressions after 17 years no longer sees the crystal green of the channel coast rise over a ship's rail or thinks, at the first sight of Plymouth, of the American Pilgrim fathers or Drake lingering at bowls. No, today one is likely to drop rudely through the fog into a modernized Heathrow Airport, then groan under a drippy rain through depressing Hounslow into a London now Babylonian in aspect.

It is just as well, perhaps; emotional reintroductions must not be embarrassingly protracted. When I last saw London, in the late summer of 1958, the physical and psychological scars of war hadn't healed. The odd piles of rubble, the darkened shells of bombed-out churches, still marked London street corners. There was little money to spend and less, owing to the exchange restrictions, for an Englishman to carry out of the country. Your standard restaurant featured leathery roast beef or mutton, the two of them sometimes indistinguishable, with a muddled accompaniment of mealy peas and boiled potatoes. The American refrigerator was a novelty, installment buying was still "the never-never," and bikes far outnumbered cars.

To return today, recalling that climate of austerity, is to feel as Rip Van Winkle must have felt after oversleeping. The Spartan life is gone; the counters all overflow with colorful goods; the streets swarm with cars—all driven more or less as Italians used to drive them; and money is being spent on a dizzying scale. The bulky woolens and hopeless frocks have given way to women's fashions that would not disgrace Fifth Avenue or the Champs-Elysées; and the food, in taste and variety, has improved by light-years.

Consider, for instance, the case of the Turf Tavern, an ancient pub tucked away in the shadows of Oxford's old city wall. There, 17 years ago, one could buy a chewy beefsteak sandwich for about three shillings. Today in the tiny backroom the Turf spreads a luncheon buffet as rich in continental snacks as the best of Copenhagen, and you can easily leave a couple of pounds behind. No wonder Joseph Alsop is reminded of "a jolly party on the decks of the *Titanic*."

But is Britain, in fact, headed for the fatal iceberg?

There are, of course, the usual tensions and troubles, some of them roughly symbolized in the political fissure that now divides northern and southern England. If you draw a horizontal line across the map of England, west to east, at about the latitude of Bristol, nearly all the parliamentary seats south of the line are Tory and nearly all of them north of the line are Laborite. This difference warns the fleeting visitor that the cozy, sleek, and merry England of the south is not the only England today; that it is a land not only of curried downs and fat cows and historic monuments but the home, still, of the first industrial revolution, where political warfare is mollified only by the restraints and civilizing rituals of parliamentary theater.

AND SETTING aside the visible England, there is the relentless clash between the traditionalists and the heralds of modernization—always, in some form, a feature of English life. England, the reluctant European, still searches for a national lifestyle to fit her diminished political fortunes. The influential Hudson Institute recently issued a huge report predicting third-class status for the British by 1980 ("the Spain of Europe") unless they quickly shake themselves free of all the endearing anachronisms that delight American visitors. For instance, the grim sages of Hudson pronounced, all hereditary

Mr. Yoder has just joined the Washington Star, *as editorial page editor.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peers must be excluded from the House of Lords. And indeed, it seems to be a fact that the hereditary peerage is on the way out: neither Harold Wilson nor Edward Heath has created any new hereditary peers.

It was Oxford, which I had known and loved as a student 17 years ago, which seemed likeliest to show who is winning this tug of war over tradition —or so, at least, I had been led to believe.

By a quirk of scheduling, my return to the old university city came, twice running, by night—the first time in a pelting rain. As the train neared Oxford, Matthew Arnold's dreaming spires, peering in dim illumination above a barricade of drab buildings, could only barely be made out. Indeed, it turned out that I was looking for them from the wrong side of the train. It had been that long.

Oxford, like many ancient European university towns, baffles strangers. They come asking where the university is, and some of them leave still baffled, refusing to believe that they have found it. But theirs is a better question than they know. There are, in fact, so many Oxfords, composed of so striking a variety of moods and places and memories, that one may take his choice. Cardinal Newman, at the end of *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, remembered the geraniums of Trinity College. I, who had come as a colonial fresh from the English textbooks, thought of it as a place haunted by personalities. I could rarely pass Balliol College without thinking of Jowett, or Oriel without remembering Newman, or Merton, except that Gerard Manley Hopkins' wonderful poem "Duns Scotus' Oxford" came to mind in fragments. And of course the favorite association was between Christ Church meadows and Dr. Samuel Johnson, who once told his tutor that his lesson was not prepared because he had been "sliding" in the meadows.

Oxford started being Oxford in the dim medieval days of the Plantagenet kings, when there was no Britain or France properly speaking, and a louse-eaten swarm of clerics came there from Paris. It has been encrusting itself in buildings, gardens, people, styles, and traditions ever since. "Are these ruins inhabited?" an American child once asked his mother.

They are, of course, very much inhabited—by a clientèle as various as the surroundings. There are tweedy cultural tories who lament the modern world with a discerning and articulate hatred. There are bright young radicals, most of them clad in blue denim jeans made in my own North Carolina, who barely contain their resentment of Oxford's serene indifference to their modern ideas—which as Oxford measures time are temporary. And between those extremes there are many worlds.

It is a place, all but unique in this, where absolutely nothing is accepted or believed merely because someone said it—where every idea and view has been dissected so often, in so many ways, that no mere construction of the human mind or personality is feared. It is a place where the continuous clangor of bell-ringing can drive you nearly crazy on Sunday afternoon; it is also a place where the latest pornographic movie is exhibited within a few steps of the sacred ground where Thomas Cranmer, the father of the English prayer book, was burned four centuries ago by Mary Tudor.

A good deal, of course, has happened to British higher education since I left Oxford 17 years ago—even in Oxford, where change tends to be glacial. Sociology has been provisionally accepted, not without misgivings and sneers, as a subject worth formal study. Some of the old men's colleges have accepted women as students. And the student dress is far less formal than it was, so that jackets and ties and gowns are less seen on the streets.

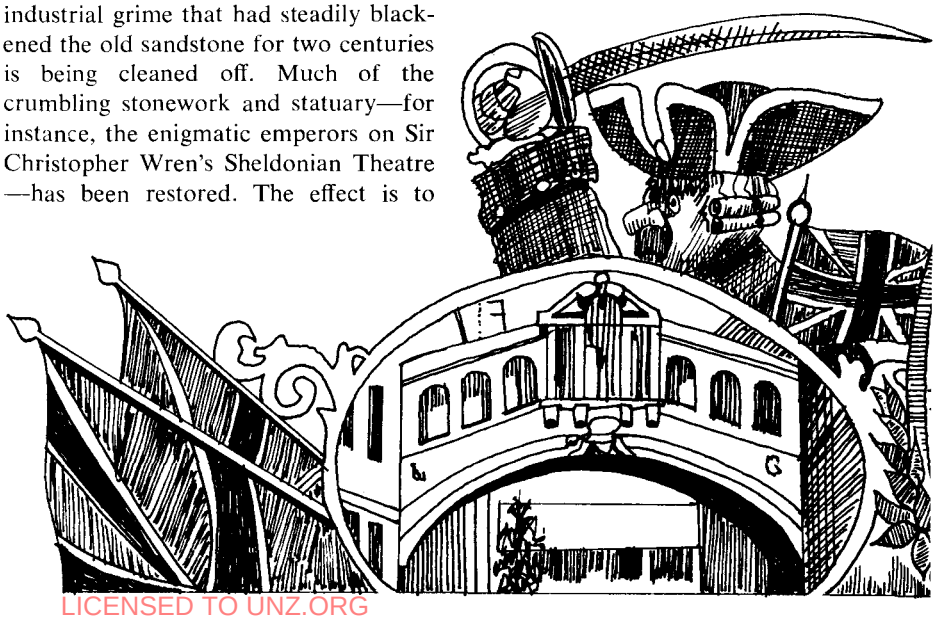
But for one long absent, the most striking change—at least on a glorious sunny day—is that the coating of sooty industrial grime that had steadily blackened the old sandstone for two centuries is being cleaned off. Much of the crumbling stonework and statuary—for instance, the enigmatic emperors on Sir Christopher Wren's Sheldonian Theatre —has been restored. The effect is to make the intimate precincts of the university—certain of the college quadrangles and streets—a dazzling study in blazing lights and dramatic shadows.

But the most fundamental change in British higher education—Oxford itself being fundamentally changeless—has taken place elsewhere, with the building during the 1960s of more than a dozen new universities. The sudden expansion of access to higher education has not so much challenged the primacy of Oxford and Cambridge as it has, I sense, relaxed the difficult social tensions that resulted from the elitist cast of university education.

When I left England a decade and a half ago, there was, for the young Englishman, a grim choice between the ancient universities, with their virtual monopoly of higher education and the prestige and perquisites that went with it, and the red-brick universities that sprang up in the Victorian age—distinctly second-class in all connotations.

The new plate glass universities of the Sixties have introduced a democratic middle-ground into British higher education—less demanding intellectually, perhaps, but hinting at a larger tolerance of educational democracy.

I visited one of those new universities, the University of Kent, which occupies a blustery hilltop overlooking the city of Canterbury. The visit was too brief for any but a few random impressions; but such as they were, they were strong. For instance, one notices that the new universities draw most of their staff



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Oxford and Cambridge. And while the younger instructors pretend to believe that their new places are in some ways preferable to the ancient universities, they nonetheless wear their old Oxford college ties and want to send their children back to the originals.

Another strong impression is that while in atmosphere and architecture the new University of Kent is reminiscent of the newer U.S. community colleges, every effort is bent to make it national, even cosmopolitan, in scope, while intimate in scale. The British profess to be—and I daresay they are—baffled by the outlandish size of American universities. They can't understand, they say, how genuine learning can occur amidst such impersonality, and no doubt they have a point. Oxford, with about 10,000 students scattered through more than two dozen old colleges, is an outer limit. The University of Kent has between two and three thousand, housed in four colleges, named for Charles Darwin, Keynes, Rutherford, and T. S. Eliot.

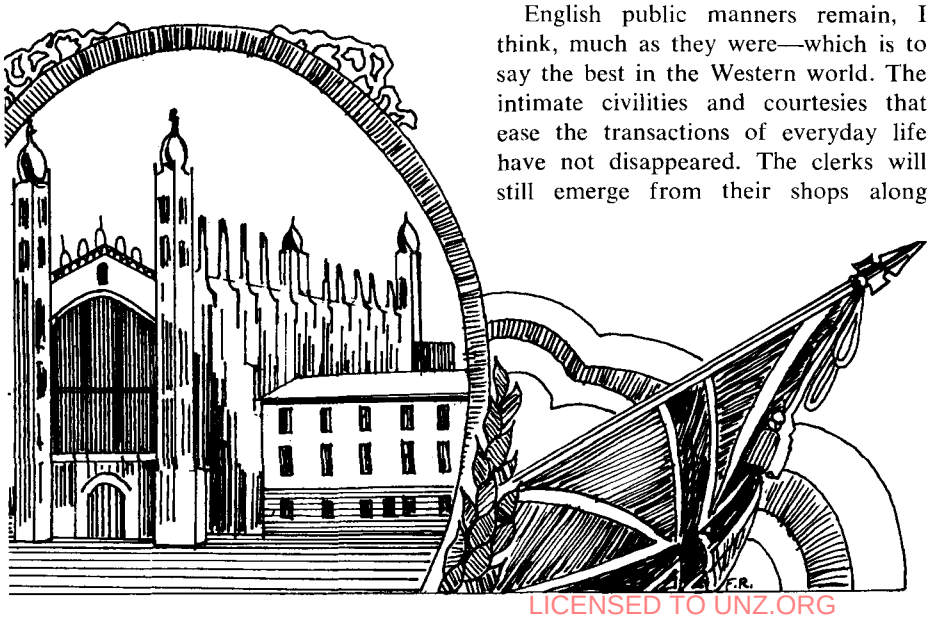
As for Oxford, however, if you ignore the blue jeans, the toned-up hue of the old sandstone after its cleaning, and a bit of the traffic (which has always been noisy in Oxford), the place would show little outward sign of change in 17 years. It remains a place of appalling beauty and vivid contrasts. A few hundred yards from the boisterous commerce and traffic of the High Street, you can walk through the Magdalen deer park, which is as serene as if it were a thousand miles from any city. At twilight, you can enter a dim New College chapel to hear chanted psalms echo off stones that were new only before Columbus. To come again and see it all again, after 17 years, is to be reminded what a minute of time an age can be.

I don't know who will win this round in Britain's age-old struggle between the old and the new; but I left believing that she is not, as we so often hear these days, on the edge of sinking from sight. And it isn't just the prospect of North Sea oil, either. With a spot of luck, and if Scottish nationalism can be contained, the oil may make the British "as rich as Kuwait," as they off-handedly put it.

The essential thing, at least to this visitor's eye, is that the fundamentals of national character seem to be bearing up under the assault of hectic opulence. The country still seems to operate, rather determinedly so, on a scale that is manageable and human.

For an American this is most dramatically symbolized by the failure of the automobile madness—so far—to empty the towns and villages or despoil the countryside. Even in heavily industrial regions the land remains as lovingly tended, as free of the blight of billboards and instant chicken eateries and gasoline stations and tacky suburban developments as before. I gather it does not seem that way to Mr. John Betjeman, the Poet Laureate, but then he lacks the benefit of comparisons. Except for an obnoxious plate glass office building that has been wedged into the west end of Trafalgar Square, the London skyline remains much as I remembered it.

English public manners remain, I think, much as they were—which is to say the best in the Western world. The intimate civilities and courtesies that ease the transactions of everyday life have not disappeared. The clerks will still emerge from their shops along Piccadilly if a visitor needs more exact directions.



The habit of ceremony, of which the public manners are surely a part, remains, I think, the key to English life. The movies, one is told, no longer begin with a scratchy recording of "God Save the Queen," and the bells seem to ring less frequently than I had remembered. But Mr. Speaker still makes his august ceremonial progress to the House of Commons at precisely 2:30 P.M., to the cry through the public lobbies of "Pray silence, strangers! Remove hats!" (Actually, this "ancient" ritual is not ancient at all; it began during World War II; and according to our admirable guide through the Palace of Westminster, its solemnity and dramatic aplomb merely illustrate "what hypocrites we English are.")

The ritual—almost a dance, as my balletomane wife noted with fresh insight—in which, at the beginning of every Parliament, the doors of the House of Commons are ritually slammed in the face of the Queen's messenger and opened only after a time-hallowed negotiation between the Speaker and Black Rod, was nationally televised for the first time only last year. But in England, I was not surprised to learn, television had accommodated itself to the ritual, not vice versa.

I am sure Britain has changed more than I could see in this absurdly hurried three weeks. But the nostrums of the modernizers (who ten years ago were probably placing their bets on a motorized Britain which is already on the way out) are not eagerly devoured. Indeed, a nation that took well over twenty years debating whether to run a sunken bypass road through the riverside meadows in Oxford—and then, in the event, solved the traffic problem otherwise—is not likely to fly to panic at the gloomy huffing and puffing of, say, the Hudson Institute.

Despite the current experiment in hedonism, the heartfelt emphasis in Britain still seems to me to be on the right things—those elusive things having to do with the quality of life. Institutions and ceremonies and trivial courtesies have permitted the English to develop something like a human community, or at least the closest approximation to it we shall have on a national scale. Such morale is rare, even if the English themselves have not noticed that, and it would be foolishly mortgaged for something else. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On Bringing Up the Keatings

BARBARA KEATING

REARING YOUNGSTERS successfully today, if you happen to be conservative, is rather like pedaling uphill in a blizzard.

As a homemaker and mother who finds tradition appealing, who believes the Federal Government is draining us dry, who wants her sons to grow up feeling that there is an honorable career for them in the military if they so desire it, as their father did, and who won't let her daughters crash the Little League, each day is a series of battles, requiring crafty tactics.

A typical day in my life starts with getting the children off to school, including a twenty-minute discussion with Chris stressing compliance with school rules (matching socks and uniform). Chris will return at noon to inform me that the elected school representatives (students) have voted to do away with matching socks and, as a bonus, the uniform need not be worn on the last day of every month. The news was announced over the PA system by that symbol of authority, the Principal.

For Tom, who attends public school, the problem is not too different. Tom is bowing under the peer pressure to hide his ears under his hair. (His father, who used to cut his sons' hair, would leave them as bald as U.S. Marines, in the fine tradition of his own barbering habits.) To Tom there is also something critically desirable about wearing a zippered shirt to class, unzipped to the navel. Because his square mother insists he wear a T-shirt underneath, much time is spent successfully stretching the necks of the T-shirts to the point where they never show.

The morning chores include lining the guinea pig cage with fresh newspaper. I apologize to Maynard that today's print includes a large portrait of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger in a bathing suit sipping mint juleps in a pool while agonizing over the fate of Indochina. It's the best I can do, Maynard, all the funny papers went out with the garbage. Fighting early morning traffic to the grocery store, I'm cut off from a parking space by a Volkswagen sporting a Ramsey Clark bumper sticker.

I race past the split peas in an effort to avoid greeting Wilma Waring, who delights in being mistaken for Billie Jean King on a bad day, and stop to search the tops of the peanut butter jars hoping the stock boy missed upricing one of the jars toward the back, when I am confronted by an irate customer. (There is one in every store.) She starts by clucking over the high cost of food; she's looking for a sympathetic ear. "What's to become of us all," she laments. "The store manager is robbing us blind." These managers, one gets the impression, all meet secretly to set the price increases so no shopper can find a bargain anywhere in town. Obviously, the farmers are making out like bandits too, buying shiny new tractors. "Their farm houses must be lined with gold!" (They just leave the paint peeling outside so we won't suspect their excessive profits.)

WHAT GOOD will it do me to launch into a lesson in economics in the face of this hysteria? I make some halfhearted whining noises about federal spending being over and above what the Federal Government is taking in. I wave my arms about in a feeble attempt to depict the spiral of inflation being engineered by federal bureaucrats, and wheel my cart around her prostate body as she wails, "Don't tell me about the Federal Government! They haven't spent a red cent. How can they expect me to go on feeding my family with these miserable food stamps? Social Security and Unemployment combined won't carry me through the first half of the week and my daughter doesn't get her welfare check until Friday!" Her son cannot get any assistance for his sixth year of undergraduate studies;

Mrs. Keating, whose husband, a major in the Marines, was killed in Vietnam, is the mother of five children ranging in age from seven to fifteen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these federal bureaucrats have no idea of the struggles of the poor family trying to survive these days. What's to become of us?

Mrs. Hysterics is joined by a chorus and I seize the opportunity to head for the check-out counter. Back home, unpacking the exorbitantly priced food, *I* wonder what's to become of us. Why can't I just get hysterical at the store manager? Life would be so much simpler. Instead, I have to wait until November to vote for a conservative congressman who promises to cut federal spending. Better still, I'll work for him, drive my kids around door to door distributing literature to the homes of all the ladies who think the store manager is too wealthy, and get ulcers.

THE MORNING mail arrives, the high point of my day. Besides the usual bills I open today's supply of solicitations (this was spring 1972). There's one from Governor Wallace for his upcoming bid for the Democratic presidential primary; one from a group supporting Governor Reagan, hoping he'll go after the Republican presidential nomination; one from Governor Thompson in the event Governor Reagan doesn't. There's an appeal from NATIONAL REVIEW, won't I renew my subscription a little early? (I only took out the original subscription last month.) *Human Events* arrives in all its splendor. I hide it away to devour when the children are nestled snug in their bunkbeds. I have to hide *Human Events* like an alcoholic does a bottle because Timmy found one day that the tabloid fits the bottom of Maynard's cage perfectly. (He was sent to his room.)

The mail always leaves me with a feeling of warmth and togetherness and brotherhood with fellow conservatives somewhere out there in the great canyons of America. Somehow I don't feel so alone after reading what the mailman brings. The mailman, on the other hand, says I am alone. I'm the only widow on the block to receive the *National Rifleman's Magazine*.

A few phone calls to friends concerning the everyday minor problems that face any mother. How to get Julie to wear a white dress for First Communion . . . where to take the Saturday birthday party now that the matinée at the local theater is *The Devil and Miss Jones* . . . how to convince Peter that he won't flunk the fourth grade guidance course if he is bodily withdrawn by his parents from the sensitivity training session. I hang up, wishing I had the conscience of Wilma Waring, who is probably home bleaching her tennis socks before running her kiddies out to sell UNICEF cards so they will have an enriching experience before dinnertime.

At three o'clock the brood returns en masse. After snacks and a rapid change they are in the yard playing what gives every conservative mother a feeling of normalcy, a game of cops and robbers, which turns into cowboys and Indians and finally, by dinner, ends in a full-blown World War. Fortunately I have three boys, so they have someone to play with. The neighbors call their children in when the Keating boys appear with toy guns. They much prefer their children to watch *Sesame Street*, which hasn't so much as an armed uniformed cop on the block.

After dinner it's time to get down to homework. This is the time spent rehashing what was learned during the day in the event it shouldn't have been. Stephen hauls out his guidance text, *Becoming a Person*. We all look in the first chapter, hoping for a clue as to what one might have been prior to becoming a person, but to no avail. The course on sex education has lost some of its appeal since the priest who composed its text wed his co-author. Tim proudly whips out his Weekly Reader. This is a bonus issue which details "Students' Rights," compliments of the Civil Liberties Union. Tim declares, "It's free, Mom, I can hang it up in my room. It's a poster!" I find Tom scanning a brochure showing dear old Dad (father image) wearing an apron, holding baby, and vacuuming at the same time, while mother is out flying a jet plane or driving a diesel. Chris comes in to inform me that Stephen is watching a pornographic movie on television. (It turns out to be *Maude*.) As he is sent off to bed he asks "What's a pornographic movie?" to which I reply, in desperation, "Any one John Wayne isn't in, now get to bed!"

Barbara Keating and children: l. to r., Stephen, Timothy, Thomas, Christine, Carol-Lynn

ANOTHER DAY is over; the house is quietly awaiting tomorrow's onslaught while I catch up on the "straight" news. I decide I can't go on. It has all become too much. To get out of the line of battle for a while, I think I'll run against Jacob Javits and Ramsey Clark for the U.S. Senate. It might be fun to be a woman candidate discriminated against by NOW and the Women's Political Caucus.

I did . . . and do you know? Eight hundred and twenty-two thousand New Yorkers stole away from the battle lines long enough to vote for me. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOSEPH A. SCHUMPETER

Lover, Horseman, Economist

GEORGE J. VIKSNINS

TWENTY-FIVE years have passed since Joseph A. Schumpeter delivered his last scholarly paper, "The March into Socialism," at the annual meeting of the American Economic Association in New York. Born in the same year as John Maynard Keynes, during his lifetime Schumpeter was often referred to as "one of the two greatest living economists." As Daniel R. Fusfeld says in *The Age of the Economist*: "Since his death, economic theory has developed in directions other than those taken by Schumpeter, but economists will continue to consider his three major works as valuable historical and theoretical sources." To some of us, at least, the very fact that Schumpeter is seldom cited and even more rarely read by the current generation of economists bears ironic witness to the power of his analysis. To explain the unusual title, in the autumn of his life, Professor Schumpeter was fond of recalling that he had set himself three goals—to become a great lover, a great horseman, and a great economist. Because he claimed he had only attained two out of three, I offer this brief appreciation.

The Schumpeterian system as a whole is very much beyond our scope here. He himself maintained that a man's fundamental vision of the world, as well as any contributions of real significance to his chosen field, was usually complete by the time he reached the age of thirty. Thus, his *Theory of Economic Development* (first published in German in 1911, when Schumpeter was 28) contains the basic outline of his system of analysis. The focus is on the entrepreneur—on the innovator-businessman, who seizes upon an idea, a new and better way of doing things, and makes his fortune by putting this into practice. Entrepreneurial motivation is the key to capitalistic progress. Many other writers, ranging from Marx to Weber, have recognized this (note Weber's famous phrase—"Accumulate, accumulate, accumulate, that is Moses and the prophets!"), but Schumpeter provides the most thorough analysis of this driving force. As Robert Heilbroner writes in *The Wordly Philosophers*, Schumpeter was "the most romantic of economists . . . capitalism to his eyes had all the glamor and excitement of a knightly jousting tourney." Schumpeter spoke of the entrepreneur as an exceptional man of exceptional ability, who ventures out into the world of business with "the dream and the will to found a private kingdom"—"the will to conquer; the impulse to fight, to prove oneself superior to others, to succeed for the sake, not of the fruits of success, but of success itself." The entrepreneur is motivated by "the joy of creating, of getting things done, or simply of exercising one's energy and ingenuity."

Schumpeter's second major work, the prodigious two-volume *Business Cycles* (1939), was intended as an elaboration of the central idea of his earlier work, an attempt to clothe the theory of innovation in statistical and historical fact. It is worthy of notice that here Schumpeter referred to the Great Depression of the 1930s as "The Disappointing Juglar," i.e., as yet another business cycle to fit into his grand schema of things—and not as a unique, extraordinary break with historical experience. However, it is a subtle and an interesting twist that Schumpeter's sociological predictions, of which he appeared to be vaguely ashamed, survive, but Schumpeterian economics does not.

Marx v. Schumpeter

"Can capitalism survive?" Schumpeter asks. His answer: No, I do not think it can." A century after Marx, and more than 25 years since Schumpeter's last thoughts on the matter, it is striking how wrong is the former and how right the latter on this issue. The standard Marxist vision of the class struggle and a violent overthrow of the capitalists due to the *failure* of the economic system has not been realized, but Schumpeter's prophecies concerning capitalism appear to be well on their way to being fulfilled. Nevertheless, as Clemence and Doody said some time ago in *The Schumpeterian System*: "In recent years the Schumpeterian System has been the object of an interest amounting nearly to apathy." This statement is even more true today. Yet, the number of Marxists seems to be growing at least as rapidly as the relevance of Marx's analysis diminishes.

In Schumpeter's "March into Socialism" address, and at greater length in *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy* (1942), he argues that the success of capitalism leads to political and sociological changes that destroy the system. Put briefly, the capitalist class needs a pre-capitalist social milieu in order to flourish. As long as the affairs of church and state are taken care of by the nobility (the "protective strata," as Schumpeter terms it), the entrepreneur will be able to succeed. Not only are social and political matters taken care of by someone else, but the very existence of such social distinctions—of both social and economic inequality—provides a driving force for the entrepreneur. Thus, the exceptional man of unexceptional birth, the typical entrepreneur, seeks to compete with the power of church and state, to substitute merit and rationality for tradition and authority as decision-making principles. Capitalism needs to insist on equality before the law, and equality before supply and demand as well, in order to develop and grow. The successful business firm, the "private kingdom" of the entrepreneur, provides the innovator with recognition and status even in his own lifetime; his purchase of a baronial estate (suburban Connecticut?) and the establishment of a dynasty can extend such recognition even beyond it.

The capitalist class succeeded beyond its wildest dreams, says Schumpeter. The profit motive unleashed continuous and rapid technological progress, as one innovation called forth countless others, and the beauty of compound interest took over. Of course, capitalist progress was not even or steady; as innovations become imitated, and absorbed in the economy, the profit margin shrinks and there is a temporary slowing of the growth rate. Business cycles of varying durations are superimposed upon each other, but the economic success of capi-

Mr. Viksnins is currently a lecturer at the State Department Foreign Service Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talism as a long-run phenomenon improves everyone's well-being tremendously. This is a key point—the economic progress of capitalism leads to a very great absolute improvement in the standard of living for the masses. The lot of the upper 1 per cent of the population has always been quite tolerable. It is the other 99 per cent that capitalism benefits. Writing in the 1930s, Schumpeter was quite confident that poverty would be eliminated by 1978—and his prediction appears to be right on schedule.

Yet, the economic success of capitalism sows the seeds of its own destruction. The main arguments Schumpeter advanced for this hypothesis are sociological. First, he points to an inevitable "obsolescence of the entrepreneurial function." Large business firms grow ever larger—the corporation evolves from the family firm—and innovation becomes a matter of routine. The research departments of DuPont and Mitsubishi take care of the technical aspects of innovation, and their marketing and cost accounting staffs are responsible for the rest. A new standard of living for all classes makes the economic function of the business class obsolescent and "amenable to bureaucratization." A few modern knights still sally forth on their own to found this computer service facility or that economic consulting firm, but society can do without them—and such individual efforts are viewed with deep suspicion by both IBM and HEW.

Class Unconscious

Schumpeter's second major argument is equally interesting. Capitalism goes hand-in-hand with rational political systems—representative governments and democracy. While these changes in the political system enable capitalists to function, free from the capricious interference of church and state, they also eventually lead to what Schumpeter terms the "destruction of the protective strata," the caretakers of the affairs of church and state—the nobility or upper classes. Where is European nobility today? Working as waiters in New York, or jetsetting from Nice to Bangkok, depending on the skill or luck of their lawyers and accountants, but certainly not tending to the affairs of state. What of the Eastern Establishment in the United States? The affairs of state are left to parvenus from Texas and California, or even former football players from Ann Arbor. The care and feeding of American culture and education is often left to minority group members, and the hold of the Establishment is diminished even in the world of business and finance. The abdication and elimination of the protective strata of the upper class forces the prospective entrepreneur to look after matters of church and state—giving speeches to the Kiwanis, serving on foreign policy councils and presidential commissions, and filling out endless governmental forms. This saps his energy and destroys his profit-maximizing soul.

A third powerful force is at work as well. The capitalistic process requires rationality in decision-making—the calculus of revenue and cost, of profit and loss, extends itself into all areas of life. Schumpeter suggests that this rationality "turns upon itself"—destroying old loyalties and "habits of super- and subordination." Such habits, or class relationships if you will, are "essential for the efficient working of the institutionalized leadership of the producing plant." Worker loyalty, and a certain "fear of the boss" as well, is very much a thing of the past, as workers accumulate assets (including investment in the education of the next generation as an important part of the portfolio), union seniority, and unemployment benefit rights.

Akin to this force is a fourth Schumpeterian argument concerning the role of intellectuals as a separate class. Capitalist rationality at first encourages an attitude of independence on the part of the educational establishment and its intellectuals, scientific inquiry being an important component of innovation. However, as rationality spreads from the physical sciences and their derivative fields to politics and social relationships (the sociology of religion, for example), the assumptions and structure of capitalism itself come into question. As Robert Heilbroner says: "Daring as the capitalist was, his civilization was built on a rational, inquiring, skeptical attitude. Originally that rationalism had destroyed the pretensions of kings and lords. But now it turned its cold and disconcerting gaze on itself. 'Money isn't everything,' said the intellectuals, and in so doing they sowed a seed of doubt about the values of money-making as an end in itself." This seed of doubt has sprouted, flowered, and brought forth its fruit. "Free enterprise" and "capitalism" are by now dirty words, and the independence of the intellectuals of an earlier era has somehow turned into a hostility to capitalism, as Schumpeter foresaw. "Profit" has become "ripoff"—and most of the economists quoted in the media appear to be ready to trade in the allocative properties of the old ripoff system for something better.

The Liberal's Checklist

While this something better would not necessarily be called centralist socialism, since Americans are very sensitive to words, most economists would certainly favor greater "security, equality, and regulation." The following is Schumpeter's checklist for the orthodox liberal economist. Do you believe in:

1. Stabilization policies aimed at full or high employment? Of course.
2. The desirability of a greater equality of incomes? Fervently.
3. Regulation of prices, particularly in highly concentrated industries? Probably.
4. Public control over the labor and money markets? We work at the FRB, FDIC, NLRB, SEC, Fannie-Ginnie-Freddie Mae, BLS, and the like.
5. Extension of the sphere of public wants? Indubitably.
6. Better social security legislation? Yes, indeed.

Since Schumpeter wrote, the strength of the trend in favor of socialization has increased, of course. It is true that there is an ebb and flow to this process, as Schumpeter also foresaw. Controls are tried for a time, repealed, and then tried again. But ultimately, as Schumpeter predicted, "the remedy for unsuccessful socialization which will suggest itself, will not be less but more socialization." The regulation of the railroads has turned into quasi-public ownership, and taxpayers are increasingly forced to support organizations which they refuse to support as consumers.

The transformation of social orders is incessant but slow, says Schumpeter, though it can be accelerated by wars and by inflation. His analysis of inflation is particularly relevant today—"irresponsible revolutionaries alone excepted," everyone else should consider it Public Enemy No. 1. It is, moreover, the very existence of inflation, and not

(Continues on page 899)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Right To Bear Arms

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

SURE. I'm in favor of the citizen's right to own, bear, and enjoy anything he can acquire by civil methods in a free market. That goes for guns, but I'll let the "gun lobby" fight the good fight on the high grounds of constitutional doctrine. At the moment I would simply like to point out that the nine-year-old daughter of my neighbor disagrees with President Ford's recent proposal to change the laws that govern the licensing of gun dealers.

"Silly thing!" said the moppet.

"And what, pray tell, do you mean by that, my little dear?" asked I—for I adopt a very professorial tone with the young, lest they think me their age.

"He can't hope to do a thing!"

"Explain!"

"There are now 156,000 gun dealers in the contiguous continental United States," said the infant.

"Approximately."

"Approximately, and President Ford wants to reduce that number to a pee-wee—excuse me, a piddling—40,000 by tightening the surveillance of dealers who do not take adequate pains to investigate the moral character, family, friends, and stated intentions of prospective purchasers of firearms."

"Yes."

"Now, do you know what will happen, Unka Bill?"

"If President Ford's proposals become law?"

"Yerse." She has read Ngaio Marsh, I can see.

"Yerse. There will be fewer gun dealers."

"But approximately the same number of guns will be bought each year."

"Go ahead. I can keep up."

"So each dealer will do—my teacher calls this an arithmetical average—about four times as much business."

"Who's your teacher?"

"Please, Unka Bill. Pay attention. I wanna ride my bike after a while."

"I'm so sorry. Do carry on, old girl."

"Which means that each franchise, or dealer license, will be worth an immense amount of money."

"I get it! I get it! Like the New York City taxicab medallions, which cost $25,000 or $30,000 just because the bureaucrats try to limit the number of . . ."

"Yerse yerse yerse! Oh, Unka Bill, you're getting it!"

"Proceed, please. I was carried away."

"Which means that there will have to be established some very intricate and legalistic bureaucratic procedures for deciding who is to get a franchise."

"Yerse."

"And regulatory commissions, and administrative divisions, and inspection offices, and review boards, and examination teams, and congressional investigations, and legislative oversight committees, and government-industry commissions."

"Nay, my sweet, there must be more. Do not stop, prithee."

AND IN ORDER to apprehend the culpable, the new officialdom must be granted the authority to eavesdrop, wiretap, burgle, spy, and snoop, perhaps using the very techniques and the very personnel who have recently garnered not a little opprobrium for invading the privacy of the citizens."

"You refer, of course, to the . . ."

"The F, B, and I. The C, I, and A."

"But—I thought—"

"*Salus populi suprema lex.*"

"Of course. Stupid of me."

"Administrative procedures? Decision-making mechanisms?"

"*Momentito.* I have it. The humble petitioner for a license to peddle firearms must have a cordial relationship with the political officials who are in charge of discovering whether he is of good moral character."

"By definition a gentleman is of good moral character in the eyes of the politicians he supports."

"Who's your English teacher?"

"Summed up in the vulgarism of politics: 'I know he's a son of a b but he's *my* son of a b.' "

"I would also like to know the name of your homeroom teacher."

"So the immediate result of the President's proposal will be a vast increase in the number of bureaucrats on the federal payroll, a vast increase in the cost of entering the gun-dealing business, a proportional increase in the cost of guns, a vast increase in the amount of political bribery, skulduggery, and hanky-panky . . ."

"I would have said skulduddery."

"Unka Bill, didn't you ever study English?"

"Do continue, darling."

"Oh, well."

"No, please!"

"Grownups never understand. I'm going riding on my bike . . . And the ultimate result will be, of course, a decline in gun sales to law-abiding citizens, on account of the rise in the market price, and an increase in gun sales to criminals, who will enjoy lower prices in the free, though black, market."

"I read somewhere that all governmental interventions are counterproductive."

"Not only that, Unka Bill. They're just silly!" □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unisex and The Public Schools

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

UNISEX MARCHES ON. Early in June the federal bureaucracy, in the name of Mr. Gerald Ford and Mr. Caspar Weinberger, Secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, conferred upon us a document of 54 small-print columns entitled "Nondiscrimination on Basis of Sex: Education Programs and Activities Receiving or Benefiting from Federal Financial Assistance." These are regulations compelling educational institutions which receive federal funds to treat girls as if they were boys and boys as if they were girls.

Immediately after issuing this ukase, Secretary Weinberger resigned his secretaryship and fled to California. President Ford has expressed no contrition for promulgating these decrees from the throne, but he may yet be sorry. Congress can undo these requirements, quite as Congress undid the seatbelt interlock system. Already, encouraged by howls from constituents, Congress has postponed for a year execution of these new rules.

This federal document, however, is not nearly so extreme as the anti-feminine feminists, or libbers, would like. It grants certain exemptions and stops short of censoring textbooks (at the federal level, anyway) for "sexist bias." Aye, reaction as yet has not been wholly stamped out at HEW: paragraph 86.61 actually admits that in rare circumstances the authorities may recognize "sex as a bona-fide occupational qualification": chiefly, it is not forbidden to consider "an employee's sex in relation to employment in a locker room or toilet facility used only by members of one sex." Tories!

The follies of this HEW manifesto have been widely criticized already. Many people are unaware, however, of the yet sillier antics of certain "Sex Bias Task Forces" which are endeavoring to bully departments of public instruction and public schools in the several states. I have at hand information about such Women's Lib pressure in Minnesota and Michigan; had I time, doubtless I could make a collection of similar propaganda materials from other states. Early this year a "Sex Bias Task Force" delivered a report to the Minnesota State Board of Education, and just before the federal decree was published, the "Task Force to Study Sexism in Michigan Schools" presented a similar report to the Michigan State Board of Education.

In Michigan, three dissenters from the strident Report (all of them women) protested against the arbitrary methods and extreme conclusions of the Task Force to which, somehow, they had been appointed. "The Task Force was a farce, with poor attendance, and little discussion," said one. Another woman called the Michigan Report "insidious and subversive," declaring that the real aims of the militant Libbers are these:

"Girls are to be taught karate and other means of self-defense, but also their muscles are to be developed. Most importantly, girls are to be taught to masturbate, and lesbianism or homosexuality is to be taught in the schools. Further, lesbians are to be used as counselors in schools, and youngsters are to be counseled in alternative lifestyles."

LEST YOU think that these criticisms emanate from the infamous Little Old Lady in Tennis Shoes, let us turn to the Minnesota Report, of very similar character. A copy of the Minnesota Sex Bias Report was sent for comment to Dr. Rhoda L. Lorand, a clinical psychologist and psychoanalyst in New York City, whose writings are widely published. Dr. Lorand was disgusted.

Were the Minnesota Board of Education to adopt the program drawn up by the Sex Bias Task Force, she declared, the result would be "the promotion of lesbianism, the downgrading of the institution of marriage, of motherhood, childrearing, the nuclear family, the advocacy of single parenthood and communal living, as well as contempt for all occupations and qualities traditionally recognized as feminine." Dr. Lorand proceeded to analyze the Minnesota Report in some detail; here I can offer only brief extracts from her study:

> Putting pressure on boys and girls to behave like the opposite sex is placing them under a great strain because these pressures are at odds with biological endowment. Therapists have begun to note the confusion and unhappiness resulting from the blurring of gender-identity. Conflicting pressures between environmental and instinctual drives hinder the development of a firm sense of identity as a male or female (an *intended goal of Women's Lib*), lacking which the individual cannot acquire stability, self-esteem, or clear-cut goals.
>
> Moreover, it is taking all the joy and excitement out of life. Girls are made to feel ashamed of their longings to be courted and cherished, to be sexually attractive, to look forward to marriage, motherhood, and homemaking. Boys are made to feel ashamed of their chivalrous impulses. Feelings of protectiveness toward a girl and of manliness cause them to feel guilty and foolish, resulting in a retreat into passivity, while the girls end up unhappily trying to be sexual buddies of the boys. This unisex drive had its beginnings in the hippie movement and has been greatly intensified by all the publicity given by the communications media to the demands and accusations of the feminists (who really should be called masculinists, since they despise everything feminine).

Amen to that, boys and girls. And amen, too, to certain remarks last December by Dr. Terrel H. Bell, the United States Commissioner of Education. Dr. Lorand quotes him, and I have quoted him in one of my syndicated columns.

"Parents have a right to expect that the schools, in their teaching approaches and selection of instructional materials, will support the values and standards that their children are taught at home," said Commissioner Bell. "And if the schools cannot support those values, they must at least avoid deliberate destruction of them."

For my part, I should like to see some deliberate destruction of Sex Bias Task Forces. State boards of education should reject with cold contempt such pronunciamentos as these "Reports" of Minnesota and Michigan. These baneful follies are the productions of a small handful of female freaks, unrepresentative of American women's convictions generally, but noisy and aggressive. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts & Manners

ART

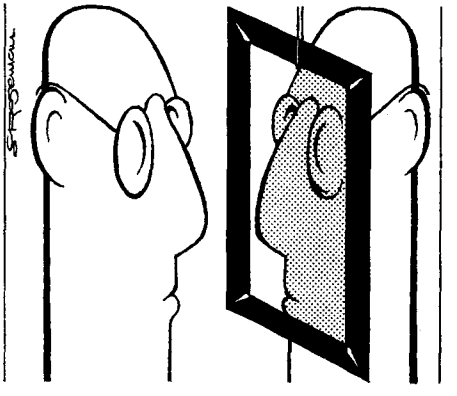
RUTH BERENSON

The Summer Scene

Out-of-towners hoping to sample the New York art scene during the summer are pretty much doomed to disappointment, as far as contemporary art is concerned. The uptown galleries are nearly all closed; despite their complaints about how terrible business is, dealers have nonetheless taken off for greener pastures, as is their wont, though this year more are making the scene in East Hampton than London, Paris, Zurich, or Düsseldorf. A few doors are still open in SoHo, the straggling enclave south of Greenwich Village which seems gradually to be outliving its early reputation as showcase for the latest in Avant-Gardism. A walk along East Broadway or Prince Street is fun, especially if one pauses for a *caffè espresso* or to look at the sculptured and pillared cast iron façades of the buildings which often house the galleries—but a visitor soon discovers that the art displayed is no more "advanced" than what he has seen back home in, say, Grand Rapids: no new "isms" have emerged in a long time, and the old ones—Pop, Hard-Edge, Color-Field Abstraction, Minimalism, Photorealism—all look pretty tired. (One hopes that the energy crisis will some day persuade the Photorealists to stop painting shiny Cadillacs and technicolored Mobil stations, but this is not yet.) There are lots of "Earthworks" around, usually in the form of carefully detailed plans, since even tolerant SoHo galleries don't want their premises loused up by artists seeking to put their personal imprint on the landscape. And then there's "Conceptualism," latest offspring of Greatgrandada of the 1920s: random words or numbers or syllables scribbled, typed, or taped, in patterns whose form and significance the visitor may or may not grasp.

Fortunately, New York's art museums customarily put out a summer welcome mat with major exhibitions meant to entice the sightseeing itinerant as well as the inflation-battling stay-at-home. Herewith, a brief roundup:

Metropolitan Museum: The major offering is *French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution*. It is not, for a wonder, one more Bicentennial item, but a joint Franco-American undertaking which was shown earlier at the



Grand Palais in Paris and the Detroit Art Institute; the revolution referred to is that of Robespierre, Napoleon, and Charles X. Its organizers have combed France's little-known provincial museums and the vast storage reserves of the Louvre to come up with a display that includes not just the famous figures of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—the Classicists, David and Ingres, the Romantics, Géricault and Delacroix—but others, often of astonishing accomplishment, of whom few but specialists have ever heard.

The result is mind-blowing, forcing one to forget, or at least radically reassess, most of what has traditionally been taken for granted about the period. "Classicism" and "Romanticism" can no longer be seen as the two irreconcilably opposed movements postulated by generations of art historians; they're no longer very useful even as classificatory pigeonholes, for the show reveals that the differences between them, which were postulated as self-evident and mutually exclusive by the partisan critics of the time, were rather negligible; in fact, they were really two sides of the same coin. This show makes it necessary to rewrite the art history books.

Of course the Met must pay *some* attention to the Bicentennial, though it's reserving its big guns for next year. However, there are two unpretentious but amusing displays in the print-and-drawings galleries. One is a tongue in cheek survey, *George Washington: Icon for America*, of how George's familiar visage has been a symbol for the United States since its founding; the other, a look at how Europeans perceived the New World from its discovery to the 1770s.

Oh yes. While you're there, see the Lehman Wing [*NR*, July 4]. Incidentally, the Met has had to close Tuesdays as well as Mondays, because there's no money from the city to pay the guards. Also, some galleries may be closed.

Whitney Museum: *Seascape and the American Imagination*, less pretentious than its title would indicate, is a potpourri of things some of which seem only vaguely connected with the ocean. But there are also some fine, rarely seen works, including a couple of handsome figureheads from sailing ships and Martin Johnson Heade's *Thunderstorm over Narragansett Bay*, its lowering, lightning-streaked sky contrasting with the tiny sailboats riding peacefully in the water, still calm before the storm breaks. Another floor contains a charming reminiscence of the Whitney's early days and the pioneering efforts of its founder, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. She was not a very good sculptor but she had an eye for quality in others, and deserves to rank with the photographer, Alfred Stieglitz, as a trail-blazing proponent of modernism in American art.

The ground floor gallery is given over to Minnie Evans, an 80-year-old black woman from North Carolina who has been painting since the 1940s but has only recently been "discovered." Wholly self-taught, she depicts not the reality of childhood memories as Grandma Moses did, but a surreal world of dreams and visions. Her rainbow-hued images are curiously reminiscent of the crudely painted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mythologies in the Hindu temples of Trinidad, where she was born, and are a notable addition to the rapidly expanding repertoire of "naïve" art.

Guggenheim Museum: A Marc Chagall show is the main attraction. While this artist has suffered from overexposure, and his prolific late work is rather cloying, his accomplishments as a young man, well-known here, were important. Also on view is a selection of American paintings of the 1960s and 70s.

Museum of Modern Art: Since the strength of this by now venerable institution lies in the quality and breadth of its collections, and since, like so many museums, it is feeling the financial pinch, the only temporary show is a retrospective of Jacques Villon, least-known of the three Duchamp-Villon brothers, a charming, albeit minor, artist. But nearly the whole painting collection has been rehung, and that's reason enough for a visit to the Modern. Jazz concerts in the garden Friday nights.

New York Cultural Center: This lively institution is due to close September 30, though there are still hopes for a last-minute reprieve. In the meantime, there's *Illusion in Nature and Art*, organized by the Institute of Contemporary Art in London, a fascinating look at visual illusions, natural ones, and illusion as utilized by artists. There are lots of buttons to push and mirrors to look in; kids should love it and everybody will learn a lot.

Altogether, not too bad for a city that's nearly bankrupt. □

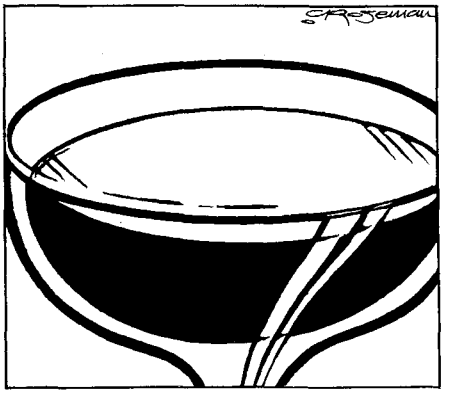
DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Doing It by Hand

The return to old-fashioned ways isn't limited to those who bake their own bread—there are also those who make wine. In California, of all places, where modern wine-making machinery works fast and furious, there is a small vineyard and winery where things are done the way they are done in Burgundy—by hand, so to speak. Chalone Vineyard lies high in the mountains of Monterey County, east of Soledad (of prison fame) and near the entrance to the Pinnacles National Monument. Though the winery is fairly new and its output is limited, it has gained national recognition in the United States, and honors abroad. At a fancy blind tasting in London, laid on for a distinguished group of English wine writers and Masters of Wine, a Chalone Chardonnay came out tops, even above a Puligny-Montrachet of the very famous French wine merchant Louis Latour. Even more gratifying, the manager of Romanée-Conti, the *ne plus ultra* of Burgundies, mistook a Chalone Pinot Noir for a Burgundy vintage, and took home a number of bottles to show the home folks what the Americans can do.

Chalone is owned by Dick Graff, who is general manager, and his brothers John, the winemaker, and Peter, the vineyard manager. In growing their grapes and making their wines they follow the classic Burgundian techniques



—in order to make not imitations of French Burgundies, but California wines using the classic French methods. All of this begins in the vineyard, a hundred acres or so of vines at the moment, which will be increased to around 200 acres. Chalone now makes only about 3,000 cases of wine, which is very little, even by small-winery standards, but Dick Graff hopes to increase it to ten or twelve thousand cases within the next ten years; he has already built new production and storage space on his mountainside.

Chalone is an old vineyard, which sold grapes to other wineries before Graff took it over in 1965 and started replanting it. Today, you can still find fifty-year-old vines among the more recent ones, yielding few but very choice grapes, as old vines are wont to do. The vineyard is left as much as possible in its natural state, with little if any spraying or fertilizing. But when the grapes are pressed dry, the skins go back into the soil around the vines to fertilize them. The problem is water—of which there is none but what falls from the sky. Thus the needed water is trucked for seven miles and put into a reservoir, from which it feeds the vines by the effective and economical drip system. The soil of Chalone is similar to the soil of Burgundy—a harsh, hardscrabble limestone that wouldn't grow a respectable lettuce, but which makes for superior grapes, since the best grapes come from poor soils. Dick Graff is a firm believer in the importance of a vineyard's soil, as are wine men in France and Germany, but not, oddly, in California.

CHALONE MAKES only four wines, three whites and a red. The whites are a Chenin Blanc, a Pinot Blanc, and a Chardonnay; the red is a Pinot Noir (Chardonnay and Pinot Noir being the classic grapes of Burgundy). The methods followed in making these wines are also classic and painstaking. Dick Graff firmly believes in French Limousin oak barrels, in which he not only ages his wines, but ferments them as well, a troublesome procedure used by only a very few of the very smallest California wineries. His imported French barrels are also made in the old-fashioned way, splitting the wood by hand and drying it in the sun and open air to make it stronger. French oaks give wines an unmistakable flavor and aroma, quite different from the neutral redwood and the vanilla-reminiscent flavor of American oak, both of which are often preferred by other winemakers for just this blandness—and because they are much cheaper. Another example of this classical wine-making is the fining of the wines, that is, clearing them of their sediment—a practice already known to the Romans, done today by various chemical means. Graff fines his wines the old-fashioned way: with egg-whites, the one method sure not to rob the wines of any delicacy or complexity. It is a laborious method, feasible only in a small winery. To top it all, pretty Chalone bottles are also imported from France.

All this reflects the personality of Graff, a Harvard music graduate who got tired of business in Los Angeles and learned winemaking at the University of California at Davis, while becoming enamored of things Burgundian. His wines are extraordinary: big, complex, and full-flavored—among California's greatest wines. I recently tasted a splendid Chenin Blanc, deep golden in color,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with an overwhelming bouquet, a lingering flavor, and just a slight touch of *pétillance*; I thought the 1973 vintage superior to the 1971 and 1969. The Pinot Blanc, both 1973 and 1971 vintages, was also big and complex, with a *goût du terroir*, touches of fruit, the soil, and the oak. The 1969 Chardonnay vintage, the one I preferred, was a magnificent, austere wine, worthy to stand next to its French cousin, Chablis. The 1969 Pinot Noir was the red wine admired by the manager of Romanée-Conti, and one could see immediately that it was a powerful wine. The whole vintage consisted of 233 bottles and 36 magnums, which will be all the better for long aging. With all respect to other great California Pinot Noirs, it was the first California wine that I have had which I thought tasted like a Burgundy. □

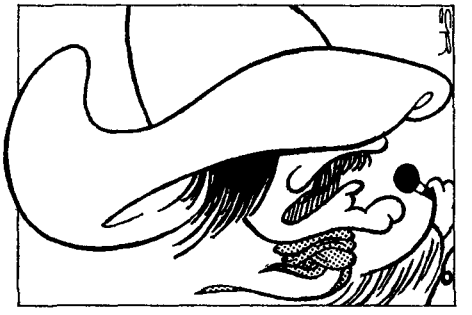
FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Their Town

Robert Altman's *Nashville* is perhaps the most encompassing and revealing film ever made about what it is that defines this nation, this people, this age. It takes us to Nashville for five days, with the soothing advance man for an unseen politician pursuing the Presidency as candidate of the mysterious "Replacement Party," whose slogan is "new roots for the nation"; we are also with stars and would-be stars of the Grand Old Opry in that small city which calls itself the Athens of the South. The characters' disparate paths cross repeatedly until they finally converge for the stunning, fatal climax at Nashville's imitation Parthenon, where the political campaigners and Opry greats and aspirants come one afternoon for a rally.

Though set in one heartland town—a lead character at a crucial point shouts: "This isn't Dallas, it's Nashville!"—the movie expands to become an incisive commentary on the whole of America. It is encyclopedic in scope, offering dazzling insights into patriotism, greed, sex, love, loneliness, commerce, ambition, fear, criminality, even nobility. It will enrage people who can think nothing but good (or ill) of this nation. For instance, the film takes patriotism seriously, offering some "middle Americans" as perfectly decent folk; simultaneously, it brutally savages mindless flag-waving chauvinism. One telling scene shows the king of Nashville



singers, a runty fellow all gussied up in his red wig and over-tight cowboy suit, singing an absurd Bicentennial ditty about how America "must be doing something right—to last 200 years." The sentiment is at once perfectly valid and outlandishly parodied. The film's aim will seem to one viewer a massive putdown of America; to another it will appear to celebrate the plain American values. It does both. It is the greatness, the meanness, the sheer expanse and undigestibility of this country in this day.

The bare-bones story is simple: folks singing, conspiring, grasping, shacking up while the business of political manipulation goes on all around. The political maneuvers provide a sort of *basso ostinato* binding the separate themes together, but they are sufficiently vague that we are never able to determine whether "Hal Phillip Walker," the candidate, is more Wallace than Bobby Kennedy, or more the reverse: perhaps Altman and Co. have derived something very shrewd from those startling 1968 returns, and polls, showing that many alienated voters gravitated to both the "populist" and the "idealist," seriatim or simultaneously.

With his improvisational technique, Altman has helped his actors reveal talents they may never have imagined they had. Ronee Blakley, an unknown to film, plays the queen of Opry, Barbara Jean, with fragility, an inner terror, and heart-rending simplicity. As an untalented singer with no voice, no future, and no hope beyond her own delusions, Gwen Welles' Sueleen Gay is the quintessence of bush: she has nothing but her body, she will never know this basic fact, and she will strive forever for something that will forever elude her.

Keith Carradine plays the self-involved rock star whose songs are splendid, whose bedroom athletics have the groupies coming back for more, and who lacks any concern but the most egotistic. The gifted comedienne Lily Tomlin emerges in her first dramatic role as a woman revealing tenderness for her deaf children, moderate skill as the white lead singer of a Negro gospel choir, and a yearning for sexual fulfillment. Keenan Wynn plays an aged, pathetic man whose only concern, his wife, lies dying; David Hayward is the strange young man with a fiddle case and a pivotal role at the end; Shelly Duvall creates the groupiest groupie imaginable; Geraldine Chaplin comes on as an inane BBC journalist trying to capture the soul of America by tape-recording her own banal impressions as she ambles through decaying junkyards. Henry Gibson's Haven Hamilton, the biggest country star of them all, is the country boy making it, reducing those around him to subservience, grinning humble-pie while cutting others with ice, spewing out saccharine but infectious lyrics running the narrow range from chauvinistic claptrap to domestic homily.

In conjoining his several story lines, Altman makes use of his well-known overlapping dialogue technique. He carries us back and forth from cabarets to bedrooms, from hospital beds to freeways, from "liberated" chatter to church, from noble vignettes to scenes of opportunism, from the humiliation of one character to the triumph of another.

The songs are more often creepy than cathartic: this reflects Altman's purpose, in at least one side of the film, of holding up a mirror to his characters and forcing them to see grotesques. One of Carradine's songs is sung twice in the film. Its crucial line —"It don't worry me, it don't worry me, you may say that I ain't free, but it don't worry me"—is at first a sorry commentary on the tinsel of the stud-star's life; then, in the final scene, it becomes a chilling expression of passivity in the face of that familiar American horror story: frenzied assassination.

This lovingly constructed film is an achievement whose ramifications for the contemporary cinema are bound to be enormous. *Nashville* is at least as American as apple pie. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTRODUCE YOURSELF TO NATIONAL REVIEW'S PORTABLE, QUOTABLE, KNOW-IT-ALL NEWSLETTER the BULLETIN.

There are many good things about *National Review*'s fact-filled **BULLETIN**. In fact, we could fill pages. But, like the newsletter itself, we'll be brief. But to the point.

The **BULLETIN** is portable. Delve into the **BULLETIN** on a train, plane, bus, the comfort of your home . . . you name it. It folds to fit your pocket. The **BULLETIN** can go wherever you go.

The **BULLETIN** is concise. The news you need to know is packed into a crisp, no-nonsense eight pages. It's like receiving several separate newsletters because there is so much information. All in one handy source.

The **BULLETIN** covers plenty! People, politics, world affairs, economics, the Left, Washington—it's all here. Eight features that make you think.

The **BULLETIN** brings you reliable, reasoned views of the news. You get what you want to know the way you like to hear it. Plus information you won't find in the regular press. And it saves you time: An entire issue can be thoroughly digested in about 30 minutes.

Last but not least, the **BULLETIN** is inexpensive. You can receive a full six months for only $4.98. We can't think of a better bargain than that. The **BULLETIN** is available by subscription only. So if you haven't tried it (and you are really missing something!), use the postpaid card opposite the page for your order. We'll speed the **BULLETIN** to you right away. Many thanks!

TRY IT TODAY!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Doctorow Time

Ragtime
By E. L. Doctorow
Random House, 270 pp., $8.50

JEFFREY HART

Ragtime has become the literary event of the year, instantly and probably deservedly: a printing of 95,000, Book of the Month summer selection, universally ecstatic reviews, scheduled to be made into a Robert Altman movie. Here I would like to note what is good about it, and what is not so good, and raise a few questions about Doctorow.

First the Good News. Almost magically, Doctorow recreates the atmosphere of pre-WWI America. His sense of the telling detail is superb, and even if that were his only triumph—it is not—this novel would still be something to treasure. Here is an opening social panorama:

> Teddy Roosevelt was President. The population customarily gathered in great numbers either out of doors for parades, public concerts, fish fries, political picnics, social outings, or indoors in meeting halls, vaudeville theaters, operas, ballrooms. There seemed to be no entertainment that did not involve great swarms of people. Trains and steamers and trolleys moved them from one place to another. That was the style, that was the way people lived. Women were stouter then. They visited the fleet carrying white parasols. Everyone wore white in summer. Tennis rackets were hefty and the racket faces elliptical.

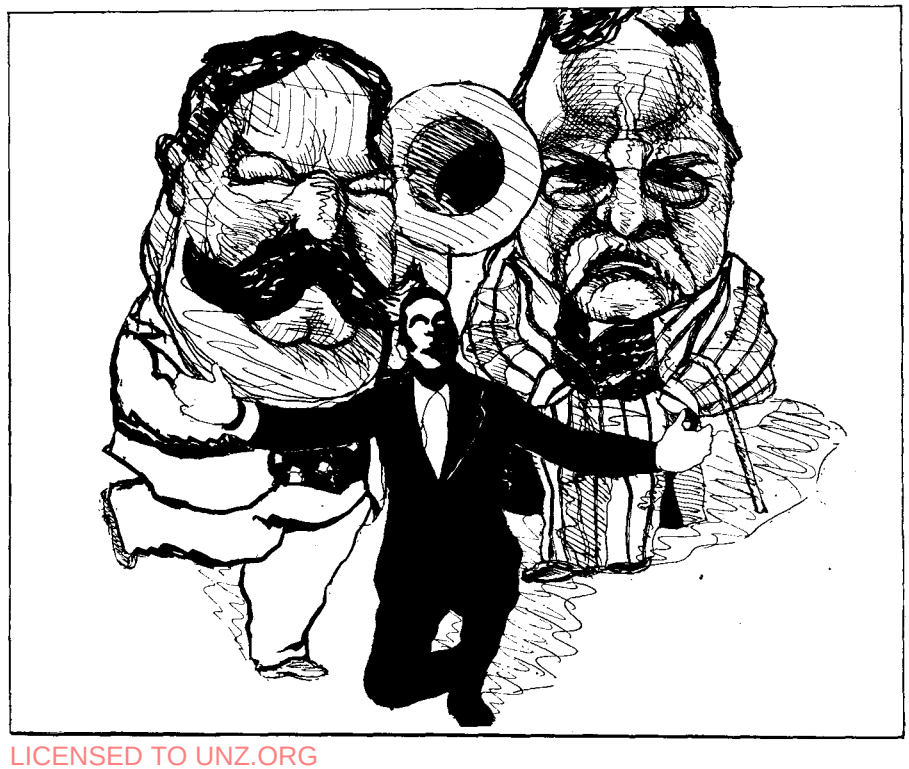
Here is a moment in the history of taste:

> Back home a momentous change was coming over the United States. There was a new President, William Howard Taft, and he took office weighing 332 pounds. All over the country men began to look at themselves. They were used to drinking great quantities of beer. They customarily devoured loaves of bread and ate prodigiously of the sausage meats of poured offal that lay on the lunch counters of the saloons. The august Pierpont Morgan would routinely consume seven- and eight-course dinners. . . . All this began to change when Taft moved into the White House. His accession to the one mythic office in the American imagination weighed everyone down. His great figure immediately expressed the apotheosis of that style of man. Thereafter fashion would go the other way and only poor people would be stout.

Here one of the two fictional families at the center of the narrative spends a summer at the Breakers Hotel in Atlantic City:

> Ah, what a summer it was. Each morning Mother opened the white-curtained glass doors of her room and stood looking at the sun as it rose above the sea. Gulls skimmed the breakers and strutted on the beach. The rising sun erased the shadows from the sand as if the particled earth itself shifted and flattened, and by the time she heard Father stir in the adjoining room the sky was beneficently blue and the beach was white and the first sea bathers had appeared down at the surf to test the water with their toes.

Ragtime is practically an anthology of such passages. Doctorow inhabits that world imaginatively, recreates the cars, trains, dress, baggage, ball games, decor. Expanding on Thackeray (*Henry Esmond*) and Dos Passos (*U.S.A.*), he populates his book with famous people: Houdini, Evelyn Nesbit, Harry K. Thaw, Stanford White, Dreiser, Commander Peary, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, J. P. Morgan, Henry Ford, Freud, Jung. They often do fictitious things, and Doctorow's fictitious characters move among them. But when one of the historical figures does something fictitious it often involves a shrewd



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comment by Doctorow on the historical truth.

Doctorow has also devised an exquisite prose medium for his narrative. This novel ought to unfold with the music from *The Sting* as background. Its scenes flash by like the scenes in an old newsreel. Though Doctorow preserves, deliberately, that feeling of newsreel externality, we nevertheless do come to know the characters internally. Sometimes they are complex, and many of them change. Finally, and still sticking with the Good News, *Ragtime* has powerful narrative thrust. You will not put it down.

Nevertheless, a bit of Bad News. There is a good deal that is suspect about the moral vision of the book. One mode of moral judgment is applied to the middle- and upper-class WASPs throughout; another mode of moral judgment is reserved for Jews, blacks, and turn-of-the-century radicals.

THE BOOK contains two consistently admirable major characters: Emma Goldman, the (historical) anarchist/revolutionary, and a (fictitious) black named Coalhouse Walker, a ragtime piano player who, after being victimized by some white toughs, becomes a violent revolutionary. Both of these characters are exempt from the moral skepticism in which Doctorow bathes his WASPs and his Irish. Now a violent revolutionary might well be a Jewish earth-mother or a victimized black natural nobleman; but the likelihood is that such revolutionaries are driven by inner as well as outer furies. And Doctorow knows this. One of his main characters, Tateh, a Jewish socialist from the lower East Side, later becomes a successful movie maker and passes himself off as the Baron Ashkenazy: "It got him around in a Christian world." But this is a rare moment of insight. For the rest, where rebellious minority characters are concerned, we have mostly what can be called left-wing pastoral.

The serious danger to Doctorow as an artist is thus sentimentality. He loves the whole panorama of 1906, loves as imaginative objects even the great capitalists he hates on moral grounds. But he especially loves the immigrant world of the Lower East Side where it was as natural to be a socialist, an anarchist, or a Communist as, in another milieu, it was natural to be a Mason. His previous novel, *The Book of Daniel*, it is worth noting, was "about" the Rosenbergs—who, indeed, can only be comprehended as part of that milieu.

As a public presence, as a celebrity, Doctorow is already beginning to signify that he may be a pain in the neck. In a recent interview he informed us that "There are several hundred thousand Coalhouse Walkers in this country"—i.e., violent black revolutionaries. He also says things like "I do want the book to be accessible. I want working class people to read it." There again is the sentimentality. Rather Old Left sentimentality at that. Has Ben Shahn been reincarnated? □

The Man Who Was Thursday
By G. K. Chesterton
Introduction by Garry Wills
Sheed and Ward, 199 pp., $7.95

CHESTERTON'S FLAG

D. KEITH MANO

A novel can happen just once. After that there are only re-readings. Fiction occurs in serial time. It is an event and, like all events, is irreversible. The novelist expects his reader to be innocent, unprepared, somewhat nervous; to approach the reading as he would approach next week. Vulnerably. With precious fiction these initial readings are precious, too. It's like cornering on a bike for the first time, centrifugation made your accomplice; the astonishment cannot be re-enacted. Funerals and oceans and orgasms and the dreadful knowledge of God's existence have each a first time. They cannot be achieved in freshness again.

G. K. Chesterton brought out *The Man Who Was Thursday* more than six decades ago. If an introduction by Garry Wills had been imposed on the novel in 1908, I suspect that Chesterton would never have bothered to write it. My complaint doesn't involve Garry Wills; he does a workmanlike job. But it's time someone said this: the "introduction" is a shameful and stupid literary machine, invented by publishers to cash in on chic names. I've never read an introduction, neither have you, that was worth the necessary sacrifice of tension and surprise. These things belong in the *South-Southwestern Quarterly* where they will not charge a novel with some critic's personal crotchets, insightful or blind. Wills writes that "It is a detective story that seems to solve itself too easily, and lose its mystery." Right. And when Wills has finished recapping Chesterton's plot in detail, the recipe for a straight shot of bourbon is more mysterious.

The Christian novel asks a special trust. To have their effect, epiphanies must break in on the consciousness unannounced. Omnipotence, resurrection, grace are not easily expressed. This subject matter has always predisposed religious fiction to the fantastic and the absurd. Belief in God forces another world on the commonplace. Chairs and tables and people have an extra value; they are metaphors despite themselves. The Christian view isn't unrealistic; it's super-realistic. Strange things happen because there can be nothing strange. "Strangeness" is the postulate of accountants and other right-thinking types. Plot becomes more important than character in the Christian novel; after all, human character, with its Freudian or environmental cause/effect, is no longer pre-eminent. Before God we abase self. Other motives, too, are operative. Flannery O'Connor thought that Christian fiction had its peculiar affinity for the fantastic and the grotesque because Christian novelists, in spirit, were like orators addressing a restless and unsympathetic mob. They have sensed that their imperatives are not the crowd's imperatives. And, to command attention, they trick, they shock, they outrage.

THEY MEAN that God is grotesque. And He is: to the accountant mind. No double-entry bookkeeping will control Him. The word is aweful, contracted by safe thinkers to awful. Terrorizer and Comforter can't be partitioned by the Apocrypha into Old and New Testament. Chesterton's protagonist, Sunday, stands for this enormous oxymoron, Don't believe a saint should he tell you differently, no one can live in comfort with God, as no one can peer but fleetingly at the savage, beneficent sun. You have to choose your spots with care. Wills points it out aptly enough: now and again in his life, Chesterton was on speaking terms with insanity. He could—Lewis and Tolkien could also—sustain a powerful childishness. *Thursday* generates its nightmare ambiance because the nightmare, though terrible, will insulate men by abrogat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing their logic. It is an experience apart. *Thursday* parallels *Heart of Darkness*. Kurtz, understanding human baseness, cried out, "The horror! The horror!" And Christians, too, know their particular horror. It is God, whose love even can be intolerable.

1908 was a traumatic time for reason. Einstein's Special Theory had been published just three years before and, with it, Newton's very circular cosmos, the Victorian guarantee of progress, became a lumpish ellipse. Here Thursday is climbing a weird staircase. "Their infinity was more like the infinity of arithmetic, something unthinkable, yet necessary to thought. Or it was like the stunning statements of astronomy about the distance of fixed stars. He was ascending the tower of reason, a thing more hideous than unreason itself." Indeed. And please admire that prose: a syntax to rotate worlds on, encouraging, even in nightmare, as is the assurance of election. Order. Listen to Chesterton's justification for Christian suffering. "Why does a fly have to fight the universe? . . . So that each thing that obeys the law may have the glory and isolation of the anarchist. So each man fighting for order may be as brave and good a man as the dynamiter." That is the best, certainly the most rousing, definition of conservatism I have ever come across.

This is a glorious book. Don't read the introduction, even as an afterword. Such things cannot be explained. They are felt or not. □

Max Weber: A Biography
By Marianne Weber
John Wiley, 719 pp., $19.95

SHARPENING THE ANTITHESES

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

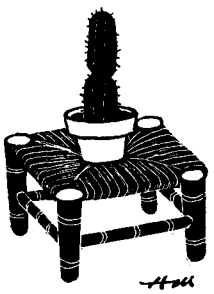
Max Weber's life reads as though it had been cast by Providence in the mold of one of Thomas Mann's neurasthenic *fin de siècle* heroes (as though God had chosen in one of His creations to have life imitate art). There is the same effort to transmute sickness into creativity, the same dizzy dance on the peaks of rationality, the same overstretched dialectic between idealism and the necessity to accommodate oneself to the world as it is, the same dark foreboding that mankind stands at the end of a humane and creative era and is about to plunge into a dark abyss. It, like the lives of Mann's heroes, is a life filled with a premonition of disaster in which personal collapse prefigures cultural, political, and social dissolution. But whereas Mann's heroes are either diminished or flawed titans, Max Weber's life is characterized by a moral and intellectual grandeur which give it a universal and redemptive dimension.

BIOGRAPHIES of great and complex men are especially difficult to write. Intimacy is usually sacrificed to the exploration of the public image of the man; or else the biographer, writing a generation or more after the events, finds the historical moment has evaporated and gives his reader an abstraction. Marianne Weber, Max Weber's wife, set to work on this biography immediately after Weber's death in 1920. It was published in 1926 and has just been translated into English. It is an extraordinary account which at one and the same time is the story of a great man, the history of an intellectual era, and an account of Germany at that decisive moment in her history when the achievements of 1870 were drifting toward the tragedy of World War I and its aftermath. Marianne Weber manages to combine in her biography the intimacy of the private and loving view with the objectivity and distance which Weber himself so much admired. More recent accounts of Weber and his thought, by Reinhard Bendix, Arthur Mitzman, and Martin Green, no matter what their individual excellences, seem both abstract and derivative when compared with Marianne Weber's account.

In the period just before and just after World War II, Weber came to dominate Western sociology. More recently, however, it has become fashionable for the Left to denounce Weber, and even the nervous Nellies among the liberals have seemed a bit skittish at the mention of his name. In 1964, in Heidelberg, at the centenary celebration of Weber's birth, it was all too apparent that the ideological alchemists were busy transforming intellectual gold into political dross. For, more than anyone else, Weber had, in spite of his admiration for Marx the sociologist, exposed the weakness and wrong-headedness of Marxist theory. Weber insisted on the primacy of values and particularly the great world religions as the determinants of human behavior, rather than the mode of production alone as Marx insisted. The skill and encyclopedic knowledge which he repeatedly brought to the demonstration of this thesis earned him a reputation among the Marxists for being a bourgeois ideologist.

But beyond this, the Weberian insistence that the intellectual is essentially apolitical when he speaks *qua* intellectual made him anathema to the political tub-thumpers who masqueraded as professors and turned their university classrooms into recruiting stations for all the current ideological frenzies.

No one knew better than Weber the sweet attraction of total belief and complete commitment. No one was more beguiled by the idea or more compelled by the moral absolute. He was the son of Kant. And yet as a professor he lived in an historically relativized world of reason, and as a man, and hence a political animal, he lived in a world dominated by power; power in which he believed there was always a demonic element. Weber bravely faced the consequences of a life torn between the ideal and the real, the world of power and the world of the moral absolute, the world of value and belief and the world of the dissolving and demystifying powers of the West's distinctive rationalizing tradition. He chose not to belong wholly to the one world or the other and permitted the civil war which raged through Western culture to ravage his own interior landscape. He did so because, like King Oedipus, he valued the truth above all other things. One day when Weber was asked what his scholarship meant to him, he replied, "I want to see how much I can stand."



He believed passionately that men could and ought to anticipate the consequences of their actions and choose consistently and without sentimentality. He believed that when men espouse a cause they ought to be willing to pay the full price for their views. He repeatedly and publicly argued with the young that they could not maintain the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stance of pacifism and at the same time espouse revolutionary violence. It must be either the Sermon on the Mount or an acceptance of power and the responsible employment of violence and coercion.

One need not accept the Kantian world in which Weber moved, a world which divorced the realm of value and freedom from the world of causal necessity and rationality, in order to admire and appreciate the man and his work. He was a man of heroic stature, in my opinion the last great Protestant intellectual, though he would have excluded himself from any religious category. He saw further into the gathering darkness of the twentieth century than most men, and he bore his knowledge with equanimity if not composure. □

Oswald Mosley
By Robert Skidelsky
Holt, 578 pp., $15

MONUMENT TO MOSLEY

RENE KUHN BRYANT

Of all the might-have-beens of contemporary British history, the auto-abortion of the political career of Sir Oswald Ernald Mosley, founder of the British Union of Fascists, is unquestionably the most singular if not exactly the most heart-rending.

In a remarkably indulgent and relentlessly detailed biography, Robert Skidelsky, a young British historian, attempts to establish Mosley as the classic tragic hero. But for one fatal flaw, Skidelsky seems to be arguing, Mosley might have led Britain out of the economic and social rubble of World War I. His vision was of a sunny upland of political neutrality where a new society that, in Mosley's words, "went beyond both fascism and democracy," could be constructed. The weakness in Skidelsky's conception of Mosley as a tragic hero is that he is never able to identify precisely what the single flaw may be, unless one is to believe that it is Mosley's character as a whole. And the more "evidence" he adduces for the lost-leader theory, the less plausible the whole proposition becomes.

Rummaging through every conceivable relevant (or irrelevant) archive, published or unpublished, tracking the spoor through every printed reference, however tangential, Skidelsky has engaged in a mighty but ultimately unconvincing exercise in fair-mindedness. He seems to have believed that somehow out of the vast welter of speeches, tracts, public statements, manifestos, pages of Hansard, cabinet minutes, statesmen's memoirs, assorted journals, diaries, autobiographies, news stories, Metropolitan Police reports, and personal correspondence, it must be possible to shape a reasoned, philosophical explanation for Mosley's career.

It was perhaps more phenomenon than career: from the time he entered Parliament as a Tory in 1918 at the age of 22, through his switch to Labor, his rapid ascendancy to a post in Ramsay MacDonald's government, his equally rapid disaffection with Labor, to his founding of the New Party and finally his establishment of the British Union of Fascists.

Skidelsky supplies interminable documentation for each stage of Mosley's willful, wayward peregrination through British political life. But somehow, the portrait he paints never emerges from the frame.

The chances that Skidelsky could have succeeded in rehabilitating Mosley as a stimulating and beneficial influence on current British political thought were never bright. For one thing, Mosley is still living and still pronouncing politically, so that any objective presentation of his views is subject to immediate challenge by the man himself, which puts the would-be interpretative biographer in an awkward and inhibiting position. Skidelsky has tried to work around this obstacle by inserting Mosley's comments (apparently solicited for the purpose) on several critical issues in the course of his career, but this device merely raises further questions about Skidelsky's independence of thought.

For another, Mosley has yet to renounce the very ideas and methods which discredited him so totally when he was still a force to be reckoned with

RANDOM NOTES

■ Out Next Month: Why did Sherlock Holmes visit America? Why was he so tightlipped about the identity of Jack the Ripper? What was the secret of the Vatican cameos? Michael Harrison answers these and a hundred other pressing questions in *The World of Sherlock Holmes* (Dutton, $7.95). . . . *Can America Win the Next War?* Drew Middleton of the *New York Times* is far from sure (Scribner, $7.95). . . . *Winchell Exclusive* is a posthumous autobiography (Prentice-Hall, $10). . . . A change of pace for biographer H. Montgomery Hyde, from *Stalin* to *Oscar Wilde* (Farrar, $15). . . . Hollywood oldtimers reminisce for Walter Wagner in *You Must Remember This* (Putnam, $8.95). . . . Galbraith knows how to make it, but can he explain *Money* (Houghton, $10)? . . . Remember George C. Lodge, that lion of liberal Republicanism? Now he casts himself as the avatar of *The New American Ideology* (Knopf, $12.50). . . . Lest we forget, along comes a title like Ann Oakley's *The Sociology of Housework* to remind us of one of the century's slickest rackets. It's called social science (Pantheon, $10/$3.95).

■ Fast-Fast-Fast Relief from Parker. Our only problem with the fall list from Prentice-Hall subsidiary Parker Publishing is to decide which book to reach for first. We opt for *The Miracle of Mana-Force*: "How to unleash Mana-Force Power to locate any lost object . . . open the Cosmic Floodgates of golden riches . . . push the magic Mana-Force Button for money in any amount . . . bathe in the Mana-Force Healing Light . . . ward off psychic attack with the Boomerang Spell . . . build an invisible shield of protection"—for all that money, presumably. The author is Madeleine C. Morris, a clergyperson in the Church of Cosmic Wisdom. . . . If you remain skeptical of the power of religion, there's always science. Try *Helping Your Health with Pointed Pressure Therapy*, whereby you use your fingertips to relieve deafness, hiccoughs, laryngitis, stammering, and of course sexual problems. The discoverer of this new science is Roy E. Bean, ND. (Yes, ND.: Doctor of Naturopathy. At this writing we're not sure where he took his degree.) . . . God or Satan? Theodor Laurence plays no favorites in *Helping Yourself with Spells, Prayers, Curses and Chants*. Opening new frontiers in ecumenism, Mr. Laurence shows us how to "use the secret success prayer of the Dominican Sisters . . . direct the Hammer, Machine Gun, Laser Beam, Sun and Atomic Curses to thwart and ruin any enemy."

■ The Great Outdoors. Stackpole publishes a big, impressive list of paperbacks on hunting, fishing, camping, and such. Catalogue from Cameron and Kelker Sts., Harrisburg, Pa. 17105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the leader of an organized, operating political movement. And Skidelsky's attempt to weave these methods and views into an acceptable pattern of political action can only be termed temporizing and unpersuasive.

But if Skidelsky has failed as a biographer, there are bits of this book that are noteworthy. His re-creation, for example, of the social climate when Mosley's form of fascism was not only tolerable but fashionable—that era's version of radical chic, in fact—is especially well done. His portrait of Churchill inquiring into the conditions of Mosley's wartime imprisonment on the basis of class rather than politics offers a shrewd side glance at the ways of leadership in England. And there are others.

Skidelsky provides an epitaph for his biographical monument to Mosley in a quotation from Goethe's *Faust*:

Whoever strives
Can be redeemed.

The reader with the patience to have followed along closely through the dense pages of this intellectual odyssey might be justified in wondering if another quotation from *Faust* would not be more apt:

Man errs
So long as he strives. □

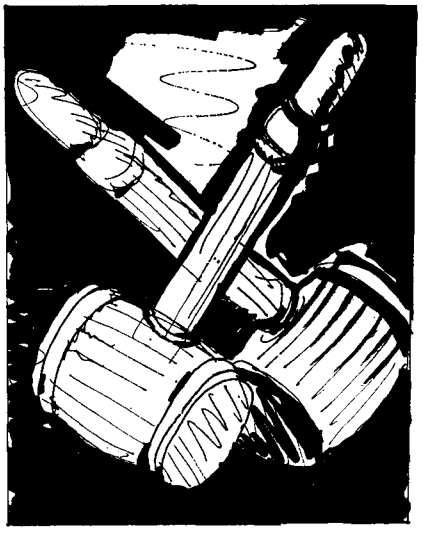
The Other Government: The Unseen Power of Washington Lawyers
By Mark J. Green
Viking, 318 pp., $12.50

NEXT TARGET

FRANZ M. OPPENHEIMER

The New Left and their liberal hangers-on are committed to attacking every institution necessary for the functioning of a free society. The armed forces, the most essential of those institutions, are the first target; the Executive Branch of the government, the courts, the universities, and large business corporations have all had their turn. The large corporations—multinationals as they are called loosely in the current mythology—are deemed disreputable; and it has become unfashionable to recognize that in all recorded history the large business corporation has been the only institution that has succeeded in bringing the mass of people out of poverty, just as it has been forgotten that the productive capacity of the large American corporations made possible the defeat of mankind's enemies in World War II.

The functioning of American society depends on a reasonable state of har-



mony between government and the corporations, which is not the easiest state to achieve. Many a corporate executive perceives the government official who denies a license application as an ignorant bureaucrat insensitive to the needs of those "who have to earn a living" while meeting a payroll; and many a government official, in turn, perceives the executive pleading before him as a greedy philistine, insensitive to the needs of the country. It is the Washington lawyer whose task it is to remove the obstacles to communication created by these clashing perceptions; to make the client understand that the official is trying to do his best in applying policies laid down not by him but by the Congress, the courts, and administrative agencies; and to make the official understand that reasons other than corporate greed may make the governmental action sought by the client permissible, or even desirable.

Based on one of Ralph Nader's investigations, the thesis of *The Other Government* is that any harmony between government and business is collusion, that the official who says no to a corporation is always right, and that the Washington lawyer who marshals evidence and presents arguments on behalf of his corporate client is always acting against the public interest. (Mark Green fails to explain why, in any given case, the position of a Federal Government that the Left has maligned without ceasing for more than twenty years necessarily represents the public interest.)

To make his points, Mark Green has warmed up more than thrice-told tales of the Kefauver Hearings on the drug industry, the history of car safety and cigarette advertising legislation, and similar controversies judiciously selected to stir up righteous emotions. Strangely enough, his account contradicts the title and the advertised message of his book; the chief legal villains of Mark Green's "other government" with all their "unseen power" are shown falling on their faces time and time again. Attempts to go over a permanent official's head to a member of the Cabinet predictably backfire; counsel is "literally laughed out of the hearing room" when pleading to leave auto safety to a multi-state agency; a proposed airline merger is turned down—in short, as Green, summing up that merger case, recognizes in what must have been a moment of absentmindedness, "the problem, ultimately, was one of content and not access." It always is.

IN HIS paean to *The Other Government* in the Sunday *New York Times*, John Kenneth Galbraith describes Mark Green as "a very literate lawyer." The professor must have confused Green's book with *The Superlawyers* by Joseph Goulden, which covers the same ground as Green's book with the same bias, but in reasonably literate form. Green, by contrast, dwells on the wickedness of a lawyer's "filing papers on the last day of deadlines," tells us that television "network news shows, for example, nightly inform fifty million viewers what is going on," and that by "1969 it had become obvious that the Senate Commerce Committee . . . would no longer prohibit the FTC or FCC from cigarette regulation."

If Mark Green had had the luck to be trained by any of his *bêtes noires*, say, Lloyd Cutler or Tommy Austern, he might have written a readable book instead of an inaccurate and illiterate one permeated with the odor of juvenile sanctimoniousness. □

Stephen J. Tonsor *is professor of intellectual history at the University of Michigan. . . .* **Franz M. Oppenheimer** *is a Washington lawyer. . . . Book reviews are indexed in* Book Review Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GREAT DETENTE DISASTER: *Oil and the Decline of American Foreign Policy, by Edward Friedland, Paul Seabury, and Aaron Wildavsky (Basic Books, 210 pp., $7.95).* This book, by a troika of UCal (Berkeley) political scientists, is worth reading, although it promises a good deal more than it delivers. Even your reasonable guess, from the title, that it has something to do with detente will fool you. You get warmer if you stick to the subhead. The authors' controlling thesis is straightforward: OPEC is the villain in the currently playing global drama; OPEC's oil ripoff is the worst thing that has ever happened to the Western nations; we've got to face up, and really do something about it. Exactly what? Well, we must analyze the situation in terms of game theory, consider all, even the extreme, options, and prove "our willingness to act again with determination." It's hard to disagree with the proposed therapy, and that's as far as the argument—often cogently and sometimes surprisingly pressed—is carried.

JAMES BURNHAM

THE GLAMOUR GIRLS, by *James Robert Parish, Don E. Stanke, et al. (Arlington, 752 pp., $17.95).* Considerably more than you've ever wanted to know about Joan Bennett, Yvonne De Carlo, Rita Hayworth, Audrey Hepburn, Jennifer Jones, Maria Montez, Kim Novak, Merle Oberon, and Vera Ralston (Vera Who?), and nothing whatsoever about Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor, and others inexplicably excluded. Still, this is a fascinating peek at the driving urges of the movie queen, by the indefatigable, comprehensive Parish and his colleagues, introduced by an unintentionally idiotic foreword by Rona Barrett. They strain for profundity, these celluloid goddesses—item: Yvonne De Carlo's "I'm from Hollywood. I'm too dumb to be nervous about New York"—and we are treated to their comments on makeup, their husbands (about 37 among them), rivals, and dat ole debbil growing older. We learn their politics (De Carlo, for instance, is to the right of John Wayne) and suffer with them through their valiant climbs upward and their inevitable tumbles to obscurity. Nature's cruelty throbs vibrantly in the montage of photos, and no reader who grew up with one or another of these delectables can leave this book untouched. Kim Novak dowdy? Good grief!

DAVID BRUDNOY

THE KING IS A WITCH, *by Evelyn Eaton (St. Martin's, 263 pp., $6.95).* I flatly don't believe it: that King Edward III was a witch. The general theory on which this novel is based—that by the fourteenth century, the ancient British pagan religion had metamorphosed into covens of witches in opposition to the Church—is disputable at best. Even if it were true, Miss Eaton's specific application of it to Edward III is based, like most conspiracy theories, on the evidence that there is no evidence. (Witchcraft was so secret, don't you know, that there could be no written record . . .) But this theory serves Miss Eaton as an excuse to write a violently pacifist and anti-Catholic diatribe, and to indulge in what may fairly be called the Harold Robbins method, which is pretty unattractive even when the victims are long since dead.

LINDA BRIDGES

ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD, *by Kenneth Clark (Harper, 288 pp., $11).* Kenneth Clark has led something of a charmed life, and he often seems embarrassed by his good fortune. "My parents," he explains at the beginning of his self-portrait, "belonged to a section of society known as the 'idle rich,' and although, in that golden age, many people were richer, there can be few who were idler." Young Kenneth's first significant aesthetic experience occurred in 1910, when, at the ripe old age of seven, he saw and was "transported" by a painted Japanese screen at a London exhibition. Since then his passion for art has never ceased. Educated at Winchester and Oxford, he went on to work with Bernard Berenson, the renowned art authority, marry a lovely young woman who appreciated art, become Keeper of Fine Arts at Oxford's Ashmolean Museum, produce books on the Gothic Revival and da Vinci, and, at the remarkably early age of thirty, assume directorship of the National Gallery. Curiously enough, we get more of a sense of Clark as a person during his early years than during his middle ones. Describing the period of fame and fortune, he is less revealing about himself, concentrating instead on friends and acquaintances, such as Edith Wharton, Lord Duveen, and Lady Cunard. Throughout the book there are lively studies of the people who helped shape Clark's life, including the legendary Oxford don Maurice Bowra and the aforementioned Berenson (whose portrait is hardly a flattering one). And throughout, the author refers to the artists he cherishes (Raphael, Turner, Cézanne, to name but a few). At times his responses to works of art are, at least for this reader, too sweeping and gushing. And at other times he is a bit mysterious. Why, one wonders, should he still find Monet's cathedrals so baffling? And who is that beautiful young clavichord player with whom he fell in love, still sees, but continues to treat in a platonic manner? These, however, are very minor qualms. Lord Clark ends this sly, graceful, and charming volume in mid-career, on the eve of the Second World War. We look forward to hearing more.

RONALD DE FEO

FRANCE IN THE AGE OF LOUIS XIII AND RICHELIEU, *by Victor Tapié (Praeger, 622 pp., $17.50).* If France is "the eldest daughter of the Church," she is also the least predictable and most rambunctious. Witness the era of Richelieu, which should have been the apogee of Catholic grandeur in the kingdom: an intensely (perhaps fanatically) devout sovereign reigned throughout the age; a brilliant and utterly implacable cardinal was chief minister; and Calvinist power finally broke at La Rochelle (1628). But, lo, those same years saw both France allied with warlike Protestant Sweden against Holy and Roman Austria, and Spain destroyed as a Great Power; they witnessed the creation of the secular, centralized, and bureaucratic state (later so hostile to Roman and Gallican Catholicism alike); and they produced the first germs of the Enlightenment and Revolution with the advent of Cartesianism. Against this backdrop Professor Tapié gives us the wildly tangled and seemingly interminable story of his two heroes—monarch and prelate—supported (or opposed) by the lesser players in the tale: Louis XIII's mother and brother, Marie de' Medici and Gaston d'Orléans, tireless but clumsy conspirators in and out of court; Father Joseph, the original *éminence grise* and indispensable advisor of Richelieu; the silly, ambitious, and doomed Cinq-Mars, the King's *mignon*; and Urban VIII, a pontiff glorious in art but unlucky in politics. A mad, baroque plot; but what a cast of characters!

J. D. FUTCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Employment Opportunities

BUILD INCREDIBLE LIFETIME INCOME writing short reports at home. Free information. Towers Club, Box 209R, Delta, Pa. 17314.

WE SEEK an experienced manager of investment portfolios to join an advisory firm in the lower Conn. River Valley. Exceptional situation. Resume and candid discussion of yourself appreciated. P. O. Box 500, Hadlyme, Ct. 06439.

EDITOR, INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER to write challenging articles for small magazine based in Eastern college town. Combination long (3,000-4,000 wd.) articles, overall editing; help with research, other articles of parent organization. Major subject matter: higher education at Ivy League school. Ideal opportunity for young free lancer, aspiring writer launching career. Prefer graduate of Ivy League school or private Eastern school. Individual should be self-starter, unafraid of controversy. Long hours but flexible. Possibility 9 month or 12 month basis. Write NR Box 1936.

YOUR RESUME. Write it yourself. Instructions, samples, forms: $2.00. Resume Company, Dept. R, 359 Jersey Ave., Fairview, N.J. 07022.

Situations Wanted

JOURNALISM/BUSINESS GRADUATE seeks editorial/reportorial position. NR Box 1917.

Literary

THE FUTURE: Catalogue of Resources lists books, tapes, games dealing with possible future developments in technology and society. 25¢. World Future Society, Dept. L, 4916, St. Elmo Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20014.

BOOK SEARCHING: All subjects. Lists mailed. REGENT HOUSE, 108 N. Roselake, Los Angeles, Ca. 90026.

Real Estate

FORMER ASS'T PUBLISHER of NR wishes to rent 3-bedroom house in Fairfield, Ct. area. 1-2 yr. lease required. Can occupy after Sept. 1. Write NR Box 1943.

WESTCHESTER, COLONIAL, large entrance foyer, immaculate 6 bedrooms, half acre, park-like setting, 3 full baths, 2 half-baths, 2 fireplaces, kitchen w/dutch oven and beamed ceiling, large studio with beamed cathedral ceiling leading to outdoor deck w/awning, near churches, schools, shopping, 29 minutes from Manhattan. In the $90's. Call (914) 738-5406.

NOTE: Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 65¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.50 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date.

Travel

60 FT. SCHOONER available for charter in Florida and Bahamas. Air-conditioned, 3 private staterooms accommodates party of six. Main saloon equipped with bar refrigerator, sink, piano, TV. Large comfortable sheltered lounging and dining area on deck. Licensed Captain, cook, and mate at your service. All C.G. equipment. For brochure and information write or call: Caribbean Enterprises, Inc., 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016, (212) 679-7330.

CRUISE AMERICA BY STEAMBOAT. Celebrate the bicentennial in traditional style. Book passage on the famous Delta Queen or her luxurious new sister ship—Mississippi Queen—for a fun-filled voyage on the beautiful Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Great entertainment, great food, and memorable sights await you. For a 1976 cruise brochure write The Delta Queen, Dept. NA 08, 322 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

MALE COLLEGE TEACHER, 30, desires to meet or correspond with an interesting girl. Detroit area. Write NR Box 1941.

COMPUTER PROFESSIONAL, 26, 5' 8", 140 lbs., MBA, Baptist would like to meet compatible intelligent, attractive young lady. Houston area. Interests: politics, economics, travel (especially rail), general semantics, theater, and music. Write NR Box 1944.

EDUCATED, PSYCHOLOGICALLY-SOUND mom-teacher, young 42, bright, beautiful son 5, seeks sincere, stable Christian partner-father. Prefer semi-rural area. Correspond in earnest. Write NR Box 1945.

MOURNFUL BROKER seeks reconciliation with conservative construction magnate. Will buy low, sell high. A.C., agent with portfolio.

PROFESSIONALS—top quality business/social stationery at discount. Colorful sampler/catalogue 50¢. Jacques Stationery (395R), Wallingford, Vt. 05773.

MALE, UPPER 20's, considered handsome, conservative, advertising executive. Seeks well-mannered female. Metro NY/NJ. Write NR Box 1929.

For Sale

BURTON HARPSICHORDS — Fine and lasting musical instruments in kit form. Patented Burton Jacks. Write Box 80222NR, Lincoln, Neb. 68501 for free brochure.

BEAUTIFUL HARDWOOD COFFEE AND END TABLES. Birch, butcher block, and oakwood contemporary design—all handmade. Prices start at just $30 for end tables and $50 for coffee tables. Contact James Goodwood, Rt. 1, Box 72A5, Bushkill, Pa. 18324 or write our showroom at 49 West 27th Street, Room 501, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Miscellaneous

FASTEST PIANO COURSE EVER! Two hands one hour! Box 751-N La Canada, Ca. 91011.

BREAK THE SMOKING and drinking habits . . . $6 million study by Schick Laboratories explains nicotine and alcohol addiction in a clear easy to understand booklet entitled THE INSTINCTIVE MEMORY. Find out: how people differ in their physical reactions to nicotine and alcohol; how these drugs can program the memory; why the memory controls the emotions; and how to change this memory programming. If you or someone close to you suffers from addiction to either of these drugs, this booklet is MUST reading. Send $1 to cover cost to: Twin Circle, The National Catholic Press, Dept. Nr-1, Box 25986, Los Angeles, Ca. 90025.

LEARN TO READ French, German, Italian, or Spanish WITHOUT MEMORIZING ANYTHING. Revolutionary new Rundle System. Send $19.95, specify language, or write for free descriptive London Daily Telegraph feature article. Templegate, Dept. E, Box 963, Springfield, Ill. 62705.

ALL CITY ALARM COMPANY. Securities Company now specializing in sub-contracting, willing to deal direct with public. Save money by eliminating the cost of the middle man. Specializing in FIRE & BURGLAR ALARMS (residential and commercial). All equipment UL approved. Write NR Box 1891.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE, computerized matching, nationwide, low fee. Free questionnaire. "Team," 1270 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOGUE. 1,400 new stereo recordings. Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Not sold in stores. Not listed in Schwann's. Highest quality! Budget label prices! Available only by mail. Musical Heritage Society, Box 932 NW, New York, N.Y. 10023.

WE UNDERWRITE TENANT HOMEOWNERS, theft and fire insurance. Contact John J. Griffin, Nationwide Insurance, 45 Ingram Street, Forest Hills, N. Y. 11375. Telephone (212) 268-1155.

CAN'T SLEEP? READ? . . . Mack's "pillow-soft" Earplugs. Moldable Soundproofing. Ear Doctor recommended. Guaranteed! $2.99. SLEEPMACHINE. Free Details. Harrington, 359-R East 68th, N.Y.C. 10021.

LOUIS ICART etchings, illustrated collector's guide, pricelist, $6 postpaid. Art Gallery, 1166/4 Elizabeth Avenue, Elizabeth, N.J. 07207.

NOT ONLY MR. ROGERS at 75 grew hair, but others too, ending scalp problems. Ask proof. Kit $18.00. International Laboratories, P. O. Box 41-4176, Miami Beach, Fla. 33141.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

JOS[EPH] A. OSTER:

[*The*] *Editorial President.*

May I suggest . . . a constitutional amendment . . . to permit the election of the Editorial Board of the *New York Times* as President of the U[nited] S[tates]. If that were done, we would have a "President" that would never make a mistake, know all the answers, and would not be subject to criticism by the *Times*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOLEDANO

(Continued from page 878)

be reduced 25 per cent. The outcry was so great that EPA backed down. But it did stop cold the San Francisco Redevelopment Agency's plans for building a convention center and office complex in what is now a city slum. This, said EPA, would cause "indirect pollution"—and it has ordered that any urban projects providing parking for more than 1,000 cars must have its approval. It has, as *Business Week* reported, "embarked on a slew of programs that will control the design and location of major indirect sources . . . limit the use of cars, restrict downtown parking, and even deny sewerage treatment funds to communities if the resulting growth threatens air quality"—or more accurately, if EPA decides that growth is harmful.

EPA now exercises the right to approve or to veto just about every kind of major inner-city construction, and businesses have taken the hint by moving out to exurbia, thereby contributing to urban blight and unemployment. But migrant business has found EPA waiting for it in the countryside. For the Agency has taken unto itself the power to veto plans for new cities, developments, shopping centers, industrial complexes—an arbiter of the entire economy, all in the name of ecology. Indeed, as Irving Kristol has mourned, "it seems to be spending much of its time and energy figuring out how to be an obstacle to everything that Americans want to do." Kristol wrote:

> Congress, when it established the EPA, and public opinion, when it supported this reform, certainly never intended to give a handful of bureaucrats such immense power. If the EPA's conception of its mission is permitted to stand, it will be the single most powerful branch of government, having far greater direct control over our individual lives than Congress, or the Executive, or state and local government.

Congress is slowly—perhaps too slowly—coming to realize what a Frankenstein monster it has created. The House Appropriations Committee, in its 1974 review of EPA's work, showed concern over the "many harmful results" of the Agency's activities—"forcing excessive spending, unemployment, unnecessary delay in construction of power plants and public works projects with higher costs coming from the delay." And it warned that "common sense demands that the Agency consider the potential environmental impact of its actions so that the problems created by its actions are not more detrimental to the environment than the problem they are attempting to correct."

So far, EPA has not taken heed. In proceeding as if "its mission were not to protect Americans from dirty air, but to protect clean air from Americans"—Kristol's *mot*—it has codified the new ethics of bureaucracy: being dishonest to the Congress, the people, and even to those eco-freaks who see Holy Writ in its every pronouncement. With malice toward some and charity toward none, it has promised to bring such purity to land, sea, and air that the planet—or at least America's portion of it—will be, though hospitable to the anopheles mosquito, uninhabitable by man. To date, however, it has only increased the bureaucratic pollution. □

VIKSNINS

(Continued from page 885)

so much its quantitative magnitude, that is important: "A state of perennial inflationary pressure will have, qualitatively, all the effects of weakening the social framework of society and of strengthening subversive tendencies (however carefully wrapped up in 'liberal' phrases) that every competent economist is in the habit of attributing to more spectacular inflations."

Furthermore, Schumpeter questioned the efficacy of monetary and fiscal policy in preventing further increases in the price level. Higher interest rates "achieve little beyond increasing the difficulties of business," since any real impact on employment and output would "immediately provoke government action to neutralize them." The speed with which nearly everyone moved from advocating higher taxes to favoring a tax cut in 1974-75 is a good object lesson on this point. Moreover, says Schumpeter, higher taxes that affect saving and investment may reduce aggregate demand in the short run, but are probably inflationary in the long run because of their effects on the supply side. Thus, we are left with direct controls.

Schumpeter viewed controls as a means of cutting off the last line of retreat for business. They are "a surrender of private enterprise to public authority," a "big stride toward the perfectly planned economy." To be sure, some fringe areas of private decision-making may remain. Schumpeter spoke of the "subsidized independence of the farmer" as being politically very sensitive; certain small business activites, akin to the private plots in the *kolkhoz*, are probably too strong "for bureaucracy to conquer." An analogy to the army seems apt—individual unit commanders do have some decision-making power, but as to whether and when the colossus moves, the decision comes from above. No doubt the housewife will continue to be able to choose between Cheer and Tide, and the college student between majoring in French and Spanish, but capitalism as a system, as an historical experiment, will be gone. This was Schumpeter's basic message, an unheeded warning, some would say: capitalism, the civilization of inequality and the family fortune, is rapidly passing away. As Schumpeter said, "Let us rejoice or else lament the fact as much as every one of us likes; but do not let us shut our eyes to it." □

If You Love Words,

you'll love **VERBATIM,** The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $2.50 (N. Amer.) or $3.00 (overseas) for a one-yr. subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased.

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 157N ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA

READER'S SERVICE

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your old address label here. Print new address below, including your ZIP code.

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____
(New address–if moving)

CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____

☐ PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO ☐ I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $15.00 rate. Please enter my ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription: ☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A Voice from Philistia

On The Right

New York, July 28—A couple of weeks ago, executives of the AFL-CIO were ruffled by a special request from their guest of honor. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn desired that the labor union leaders should invite, to his big speech in New York City, Senator James L. Buckley. Having no alternative, they did so, even while leaking it to the press that they resented his presence because the senator was not a "friend of labor." That happens, by the way, to be incorrect: the sainted junior senator from New York is not a friend of excessive labor union power; which makes him a *friend* of labor, not an enemy. Anyway, just to make matters worse, the moment the great Solzhenitsyn spotted Senator Buckley, he came down from the dais and shook him warmly by the hand, while cameras, and eyes, popped.

Question: Is so warm an endorsement by Solzhenitsyn politically advantageous—or disadvantageous? Is it only a nostalgic flashbulb briefly illuminating the anti-Communist hang-up of the Old Right? There is an eccentric theorist writing orotund stuff about major trends in American politics. His name is Kevin Phillips. A few years ago he wrote a book called *The Emerging Republican Majority*, which was a most fascinating volume, suffering only from the massive inaccuracy of its predictions. In those days, theorist Phillips was saying that the Republican Party had it all sewn up for the next generation. Since the Republican debacle of 1974, he has found it necessary to defend his thesis by saying, in effect, that it was only the terminology that was wrong, not the predictions. Accordingly, he has come up with a convenient fiction by which he distinguishes between the decadent Old Right, and the robust New Right. The Old Right, he says, orbits about "the Buckley brothers' axis," and cultural elitism.

Concerning this last point, I pause to smile over a parenthetical offensive undertaken by Mr. Phillips in the current issue of *TV Guide*, where he complains (which is okay by me) about government subsidies to public television. "Most of it [i.e., public TV] is liberal in tone," he writes, "but there are a couple of 'conservatives'"—his quotation marks—"on tap, people who share Establishment cultural chic. Only a few weeks ago, one of them, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., announced that he was loading his yacht with vintage wines for a transatlantic voyage, which makes him just right for PTV." Stuff like that is catnip to ambulance-chasing shrinks, who must wonder at the bizarre identification between sailing across the Atlantic and the cultural establishment. Perhaps in Phillips' private history books Christopher Columbus was the father of liberalism, and Samuel Eliot Morison was its prophet. But enough on the point—except to warn those who might be misled on the subject that one should *never* take vintage wines on a small sailboat. No matter how steady its stomach, this kind of pitching and tossing, a vintage wine will not take.

"In contrast to the Old Right," Phillips recently explained in a column, "the New Right, while favorable to a strong military posture and suspicious of government regulations [like the Old Right], puts its principal emphasis on domestic social issues—on public anger over 1) busing, 2) welfare spending, 3) environmental extremism, 4) soft criminology [4a) the misuse of words?], 5) media bias and power, 6) warped education, 7) twisted textbooks, 8) racial quotas, 9) various guidelines and an ever-expanding bureaucracy." One member of the Buckley axis wrote a book about twisted textbooks and warped education 25 years ago, and another book about busing, welfare spending, warped education, and "soft criminology" a year and a half ago . . . So what else is new?

WHAT IS NEW is that some of the boys are seeking means of co-opting George Wallace into the conservative movement. I do not automatically reject the effort for the simple reason that it is the people who voted for Wallace that are needed—and only George Wallace can deliver them. What is excluded is a concession to George Wallace of a philosophically disreputable kind: on the issue, for instance, of metaphysical human equality. Poor Phillips, he flounders about in circle-squaring futility. If we give in to the worst demands of Wallace Populism, we have earned ourselves exactly nothing, save possibly a constitutional amendment to prevent busing. That we should be able to get anyway, and we'd probably get it a lot faster if the New Right, to the extent it is successfully identified with George Wallace, is not seen to be the principal advocate of it. □

MR. KISSINGER'S THREAT

New York, July 30—Henry Kissinger's ultimatum to the United Nations is about as explicit as an ultimatum can be, and under the circumstances we have ahead of us a very good test of the credibility of the United States Government. Look at it this way: if the foreign minister of, say, Belgium, warned that continued usurpation by the General Assembly of the powers of the Security Council could succeed to the point of elevating the General Assembly to the cockpit of power only to find itself at the tiller of "an empty shell"—to use Kissinger's words—nobody would suppose that Belgium was powerful enough itself to effect a threat to the United Nations.

The United States, on the other hand—like the Soviet Union—is that powerful. Whether we are powerful enough to bring the United Nations down, I wonder. We provide 25 per cent of the budget, true; but take away 25 per cent and you still have 75 per cent, and that is not an inconsiderable budget.

We are not, in fact, bound by United Nations decisions: not by Security Council decisions (which we can veto if we desire to make a public point; or evade, if we do not), let alone decisions of the General Assembly, which we mostly ignore. We go along when we are inclined to do so for reasons extrinsic to any loyalty to the United Nations' putative parliamentary authority. For instance, when we voted sanctions against Rhodesia, we were motivated primarily a) to say thank you to a British Conservative government that had gone along with us on Vietnam; and b) to curry the favor of Black Africa. It would take deep research to come up with a list of genuine sacrifices made by the substantial powers of this world against their will as oblations to the United Nations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Still, Mr. Kissinger's threat is intended seriously and is likely to be received seriously. Granted, a fresh Mideastern war, with the old passions repristinated, could change things. But on the assumption that next October there is no war, merely more of the same kind of thing—will the strategists of the Third World (usually backed by the Soviet Union) move to do to Israel what they did last year to South Africa? South Africa, you will recall, was denied, not "membership" in the UN—only the Security Council can do that. But a *member* in the UN: i.e., the General Assembly refused to accept the credentials of the South African representative.

Here is what the hawks would like to do this year. They would like to expel South Africa (they realize they would run into a veto from the United States and, probably, Britain and France, but if the motion were voted on affirmatively by other members of the Security Council, the Third World lobby would have made an important psychological score). As for Israel, the plan is to do to it what was done to South Africa last year: not to expel it, but to refuse to recognize its representative. The reasoning could be lifted straight out of the Handbook on South Africa: Israel's representative (it would be argued) is the representative only of a ruling class that grants no rights to Palestinians who are in fact a majority in a nation occupied by Zionist-colonialists.

My guess is that the United States would derail such a motion. We would need to depend on the argument that any time spent on such a motion would be counter-productive in the Mideast. To make that argument, we would have to make it to the Arab states themselves, and sell it to them. What we would say is that high truculence on the East River would not soften Israel's attitude at the negotiating table, and that everyone stands to profit more from Israeli flexibility, than from Israeli intransigence.

Suppose, however, that we failed? What would the United States Government in fact do? When Mr. Kissinger talks about the United Nations becoming an empty shell, he uses a metaphor that suggests the physical absence of the United States. I do not believe that the United States would pull out of the UN. Brezhnev doesn't believe it, Sadat doesn't believe it, and General Amin doesn't believe it. For this reason, Mr. Kissinger's formulation is, I think, unfortunate. He should pose a threat which is believable.

There *is* one such threat. Never mind that I think we should resort to it whether Israel is seated or not seated. It is very simply this: a resolution, by the United States Government, not to vote in the General Assembly. To participate in the debate, yes; to act amiably and helpfully in the discussions of common problems, firmly to press our own position, yes. But to vote, never. If the United States does not vote, suddenly the vote becomes less important: and the General Assembly is reduced to what it was really designed to be—a purely advisory body, whose vote was intended merely to signify the state of world opinion. Something like a Gallup poll report on the sentiments of chiefs of state. Mr. Kissinger would do better by our own government, and by Israel's, if he were to refine his threat, so as to make it at once more credible, and more useful. □

REVIEWING THE REVIEWER

New York, Aug. 1—In a recent visit, the author of the bestselling *Breach of Faith* made some interesting observations. Theodore White, by the way, has seen his name Number One on the best-sellers' list more weeks than any other author, living or dead. This time around his book is in its 11th week as Number One, so he has carved out for himself, whatever his political views, a niche in Guinness' book of records.

I raised with him a point I have myself not previously meditated, nor seen meditated elsewhere. What are the obligations of an author toward his critics? The question was prompted by a dyspeptic column (alas, there are few which can otherwise be characterized) by Garry Wills on Theodore White, a liberal who made the mistake the far literary Left will never forgive him for, namely, to write that Richard Nixon is a member of the human species who has not only weaknesses, but strengths (Garry Wills said as much before he was radicalized by the kids in 1968). For such a blunder, the hard, humorless Left is unforgiving . . . so when the galleys of his book came out, White instructed his publisher not to send out a set to the *New York Review of Books*, which is a bookish fortnightly accumulation of a broad spectrum of neuroses about the world at large. In practical terms, all this means is that the magazine could not dump on White's new book on publication day, lacking the lead time necessary. So they had to go out to the bookstore, buy a copy, and dump on White in the next issue, which they did.

Asked whether this was a form of censorship, as charged by the loose-thinking Mr. Wills, Mr. White replied that he could get as fair a hearing from the *New York Review of Books* as a Jewish freedom fighter could get from a Nazi court. I sympathize with him because the *NYRB* owns a spite-sheet called the *Virginia Kirkus Review of Books*, which is substantially devoted to the task of dissuading book buyers, in advance of a book's appearance, from stocking a book by any conservative writer. On the same day I visited with Mr. White, I received my 14th straight dump from Virginia Kirkus, describing a forthcoming volume as you and I might describe a collection of essays from *Pravda*. Fortunately, Kirkus is not taken seriously by the majority of book buyers, as sales of Mr. White's books—and, for that matter, my own—readily attest. Still, it had never occurred to me to be so inventive as to deprive the *NYRB* of the lubricant for its guillotine, and I rejoice in my discovery of the author's trivial little authority to retaliate against the mastodons who like to mangle the work of their opponents and hang it high on a telegraph pole in the tradition of the bandit chiefs of revolutionary Mexico.

A second point. Mr. White professes, with great frequency, his "respect for the Presidency." It is perhaps the principal thesis of his book that Nixon fell because he undermined the highest secular ideal in this country, namely the respect the people feel for the President.

I have run across that phrase throughout my lifetime, as of course all of us have; but I found myself, in my iconoclastic mood, wondering just why? All men are sinners. But the chances that you are a sinner rise proportionately as you achieve high political office: that is generally true. You must cultivate hypocrisy, telling everybody what he wants to hear. You come so close to lying regularly that the distinction between what you do and a lie is measurable only by the finest calibrator in town—like President Ford telling his press secretary that he could not see Solzhenitsyn because Ford was too busy. A man who achieves the Presidency is much likelier to be dominated by ambition than a man who does not, and people who are seized by ambition tend to be less attractive than those who are not. A man who achieves the Presidency tends to be ruthless, rather than considerate and loyal. So I found myself saying that I respect the President only in the sense that I respect a locomotive engine; i.e., it is a good idea, unless you are very agile or, better still, another locomotive engine, to get out of the way. Someone on Nixon's Enemies' List stood to respect the powers of the President when, say, he was visited by a prurient agent of Internal Revenue, under orders to give the dissident a tough time. In a lesser way, one similarly "respects" the *New York Review of Books*.

A thought for the day. But come to think of it, a better one than one is likely to run into in a typical day, which attests to the fact that it is not only Presidents who are arrogant. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An item in the budget of *The Star-Spangled Banner*'s composer — 46 17 69 183 197 108 147 139

B. Pertaining to a son of Zeus and Europa — 59 33 52 189 77 130 137 199 2 19 / 125 86 107

C. The escape of blood into the tissues from ruptured blood vessels — 63 7 84 162 60 204 151 112 140 120

D. Transportation for *Musca domestica* — 67 48 133 173 22 148 121 167

E. A 19th century Mexican botanical illustrator — 71 114 171 51 57 174 141 23 122

F. To alarm with shock or fear — 87 58 178 193 202 96 146

G. A German general and aeronaut (1838-1917) — 201 172 70 181 192 97 194 83

H. A recently retired House member + a type of bank + a mathematical term — 127 32 66 104 40 74 98 135 3 6 / 188 200 36 47 62 85 106 182 11 21

I. SOLID PILE — 14 25 35 73 37 64 44 1 93

J. People who steal — 27 8 29 155 142 72 123

K. A stormy or metallic body that has fallen to the earth from outer space — 176 124 18 180 168 88 9 24 196

L. A divine imparting of knowledge — 187 75 164 184 131 54 38 149

M. He counseled the Greeks during the Trojan War — 5 163 153 99 89 129

N. Sails a certain type of small vessel — 111 116 61 68 144 28

O. Pertaining to a Mohammedan Bantu people of Zanzibar and vicinity — 4 136 34 42 79 91 94 49 10

P. A preparation for destroying certain pests — 100 15 138 26 41 53 134 50 115 118 / 128

Q. A manicurist's tool — 126 165 12 76 198 154 90 30

R. To move suddenly or quickly — 158 156 185 78

S. An American writer (1876-1916) — 166 80 132 13 159 102

T. What the echidna is — 20 81 65 92 177 161 157 179

U. The sill of a door — 39 55 160 31 203 191 101 117 109

V. A pronoun — 103 43 195 56 110 169

W. A person who gets a lot of junk mail — 113 16 143 82 150 105 95 170

X. Pertaining to the peoples of a certain river basin — 152 119 145 45 190 175 186

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 898 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 I	2 B		3 H	4 O		5 M	6 H		7 C	8 J	9 K	10 O	11 H	12 Q	
13 S	14 I	15 P	16 W	17 A		18 K	19 B	20 T	21 H		22 D	23 E	24 K	25 I	26 P	27 J	28 N	
	29 J	30 Q	31 U	32 H		33 B	34 O	35 I	36 H		37 I	38 L	39 U	40 H	41 P	42 O		
43 V	44 I	45 X	46 A		47 H	48 D	49 O	50 P	51 E		52 B	53 P		54 L	55 U	56 V		
57 E	58 F	59 B	60 C		61 N	62 H	63 C	64 I	65 T		66 H	67 D		68 N	69 A	70 G	71 E	
72 J	73 I	74 H	75 L	76 Q	77 B	78 R	79 O	80 S	81 T		82 W	83 G	84 C	85 H	86 B	87 F	88 K	
89 M	90 Q	91 O	92 T	93 I		94 O	95 W	96 F	97 G	98 H	99 M	100P	101U	102S		103V	104H	
	105W		106H	107B	108A	109U	110V	111N		112C	113W	114E	115P	116N	117U		118P	
119X	120C	121D	122E	123J	124K		125B	126Q		127H	128P	129M	130B	131L	132S	133D		
134P	135H		136O	137B	138P		139A	140C	141E	142J	143W	144N	145X	146F		147A	148D	
149L	150W	151C	152X	153M	154Q	155J	156R	157T		158R	159S	160U		161T	162C	163M		
164L	165Q	166S	167D		168K	169V		170W	171E	172G		173D	174E	175X	176K	177T	178F	
	179T	180K	181G	182H	183A	184L	185R	186X		187L	188H	189B		190X	191U	192G		
193F	194G	195V	196K		197A	198Q		199B	200H	201G	202F	203U	204C					

LICENSED TO UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a custom look that lasts...
Milliken's MILSTAR® Free-lay carpet tiles

Now Milliken makes custom-styled open office landscaping easy with coordinating colors in patterned and solid color MILSTAR Free-lay carpet tiles. Remarkably practical, too. When partitions — or the entire office — must be moved, the tiles also can be moved. And proper tile rotation will increase wear life 3 to 4 times longer, eliminates the repaired or worn look. Milliken's handsome Custom Square patterns, with pile of 100% Antron® nylon, are Computer Injection Dyed in precise registration by Millitron™, revolutionary development from Milliken Research. Wide selection available; special designs on request. For details, call or write:

Deering Milliken, Inc.,
Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange,
Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

MILLIKEN

Floor Covering Business
La Grange, Georgia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Had enough of harsh taste?
Come up to KOOL, the only cigarette with the taste of extra coolness.
KOOL
Filter Longs
MILD MENTH
SUPER LONGS
KOOL
Filter Kings
KINGS
KOOL
Milds
13 mg. tar, 0.8 mg. nicotine
Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© B&W T Co.

Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED